Saturday Review

MAY 21, 1955 / 20¢

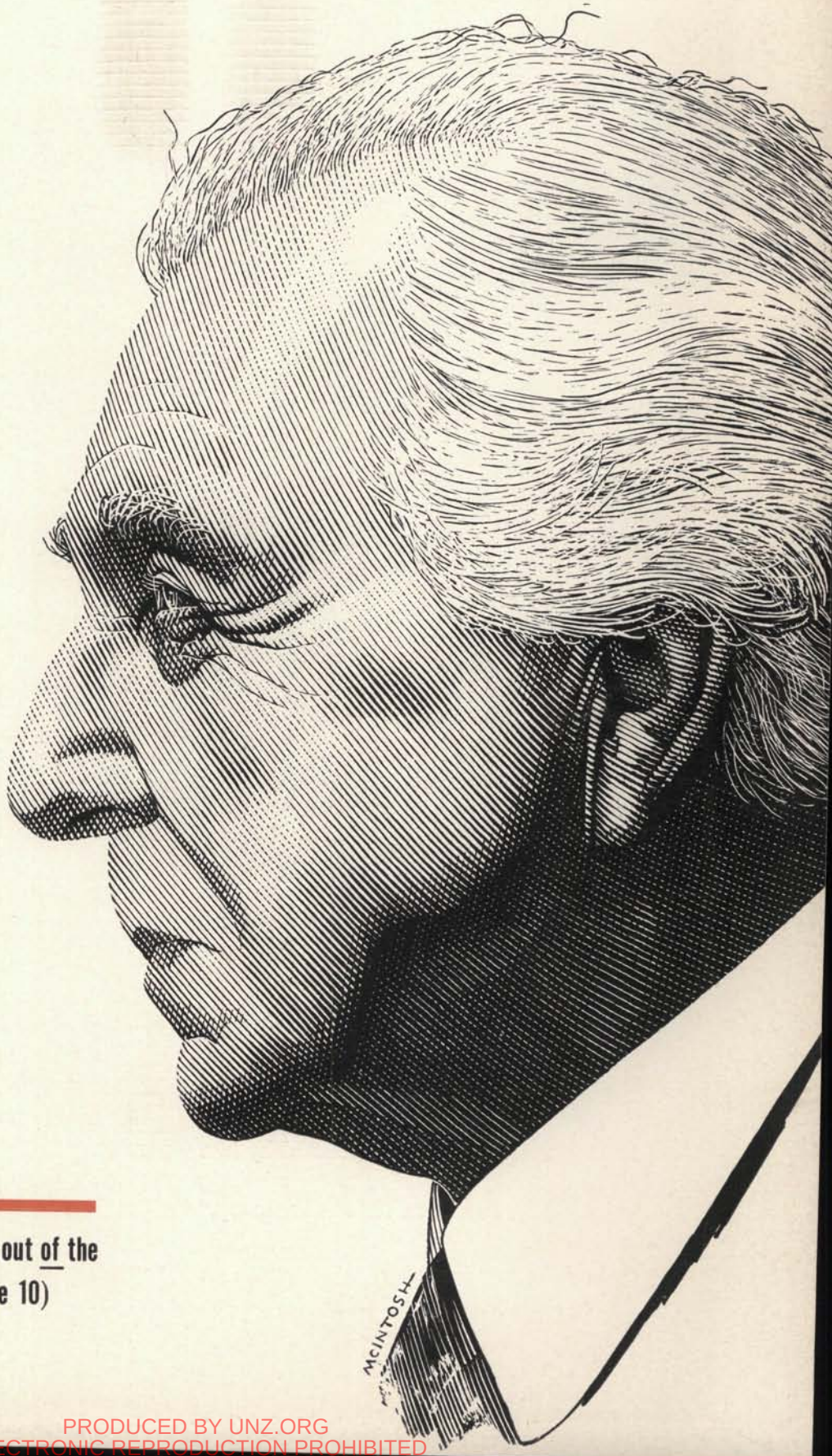
Report from BANDUNG

By Norman Cousins

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE GOP

By Elmo Roper

HORACE SUTTON IN TURKEY: "I Remember Marmara"



Frank Lloyd Wright: "Man will either get out of the city or blow up with the city." (See page 10)

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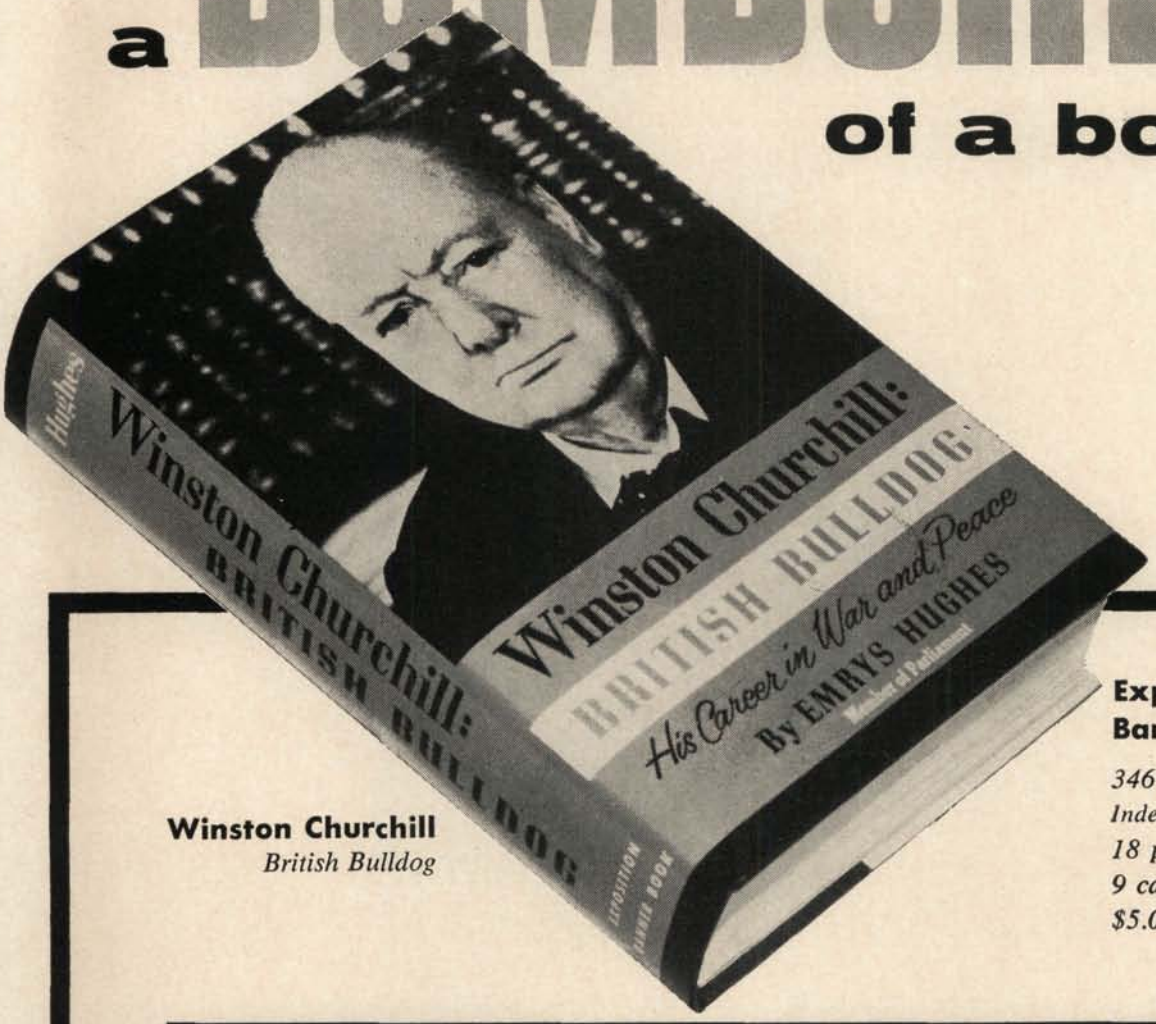

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The Saturday Review

MAY 21, 1955

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Where the Wissahickon meets the Schuylkill and the Schuylkill joins the Delaware is located the city of Philadelphia. North 90 miles is New York, south 135 miles is Washington; 800 miles west is Chicago and 60 miles east is the Atlantic Ocean.

The fact that all of these places can be reached from Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad is evidence that, physically at least, the city is linked to the rest of the country. But in other ways, Philadelphia exists separate and apart.

The best guide to this unique city is a new book which isn't a guidebook at all, but a biography entitled "My Philadelphia Father," Cordelia Drexel Biddle's story of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

Father was a genuine individual of a type that has almost disappeared from the eastern U. S. He was a writer and publisher, a boxer who sparred with Fitzsimmons and taught Tunney, a singer who appeared in "Pagliacci" in Atlantic City (after threatening to throw the regular tenor in the ocean), the founder of the Drexel Biddle Bible Classes, and a believer in self-defense who, at the age of 70, instructed World War II Marines in judo.

As you read about him, you learn that there is more to Philadelphia than Ormandy and the Orchestra, cream cheese and scrapple, political conventions and the Army-Navy game, the Phillies and the Kansas City A's.

And the best (which means the most human and the most amusing) part of this other Philadelphia is in "My Philadelphia Father."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"My Philadelphia Father," by Cordelia Drexel Biddle, as told to Kyle Crichton ($4) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. There is a Doubleday Book Shop in Philadelphia's Broad Street Suburban Station.

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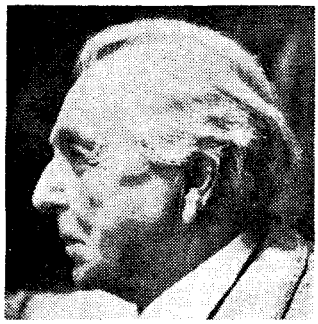

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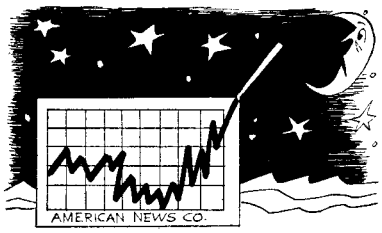
TRADE Winds

THE COMMON STOCK of the American News Company, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, is generally one of the more neglected issues, but in recent weeks a sudden flurry of activity whirled the price up some fifteen points to a high of over $38 a share. Since declining newsstand sales of magazines and constantly



increasing overhead have played havoc with News Company profits in the past two years, insiders wondered what could be causing the sudden spurt in the value of its stock.

One explanation was that an outside group might be seeking control. Whenever new figures try to insinuate themselves into the management of a company they must acquire stock in the open market. Concentrated buying orders can send a stock skyrocketing, especially when the floating supply is limited.

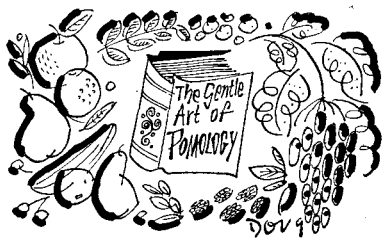
Why, you may ask, should a new group want to buy into a company whose immediate prospects do not seem overbright? In the case of American News, it might well be hidden real-estate equities that are the lure —not to mention millions of dollars in cash in the company treasury. Its 400 branches (and it is difficult to imagine how the book and magazine business could function without them) add up to a mighty big slice of property, which statisticians aver is carried on the company's books at only a small fraction of its actual value. The liquidation of any considerable part of these holdings might result in a spectacular, if non-recurrent profit, and enable new investors to make a quick clean-up, and run for the hills.

Whether or not this be the objective of the group whose purchases have put up the price of American News common, Percy O'Connell, president of the company, is serenely confident that the incumbent management will retain control. Furthermore, the downward spiral of sales and profits seems to have halted. "Business improved during the last months of 1954," reported O'Connell, "and the trend has continued through the first quarter of 1955."

RECOMMENDED: The most beguiling musical film of the year: "Daddy Long Legs," featuring the incomparable Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron, and a lilting Johnny Mercer melody called "Something's Gotta Give." And on Broadway they've turned Douglass Wallop's BOMC selection "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant" into a rousing song-and-dance jamboree called "Damn Yankees." When the redoubtable Casey Stengel turned up at the show he was asked how he liked it. Casey drew himself up in the best and haughtiest George Jean Nathan manner and declared, "I ain't gonna comment about a guy which made $100,000 writin' how my club lost." . . . We may live yet to see the Dialogues of Plato (or should it be Home Plato?) edited and with an introduction by Professor Yogi Berra.

A COUPLE OF COLUMNS BACK I referred to a nefarious character named Russell as a "pomologist." "Exactly what," wrote two TRADE WINDS readers, presumably so busy making millions they had no time to consult a desk dictionary, "is a pomologist?" He is a gent, of course, who pursues the science of fruit and fruit growing, and two superb specimens of the species are Reid M. Brooks and Claron O. Hesse, both on the faculty of the Davis branch of the University of California. Together they have written a book, in fact, called "Western Fruit Gardening," aimed to lighten the lot of every home gardener and nurseryman west of the Rockies who is raising edible fruits. . . . The same issue of *SR* in which I referred to pomology featured on the cover the statement "The U.S. Press Is in Trouble." But Frank Tripp, publisher of the *Elmira Star-Gazette*, rushes to the defense of the nation's journals in his new book, "On the Newspaper Front." Predicts Mr. Tripp:

> When any medium, other than the newspaper, delivers all of the world and neighborhood news in



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detail; ballyhoos local charities and civic endeavors to successful conclusions; borns the babes, graduates them, marries them, and buries them; stands as watchdog of home, safety and liberty; fights for the rights of the people . . .

When it becomes the permanent record of current events, the date book of the community, the housewife's shopping guide . . . when it recovers neighbors' dogs, when its attics empty, finds them sells their refrigerator; tells them a used refrigerator; tells them who's sick, dead, engaged, or married, who's painted his barn or mended his fences . . .

When another than the newspaper does these few little chores daily, in a preservable package, at a pittance a copy—then I'll believe that some folks *might* not find time to read their hometown paper.

A NEW YORK PUBLISHER admitted recently that in his salad days he frequently walked out to the end of one of the Hudson River piers to collect his thoughts. "Wonderful idea," approved John Straley, "only he didn't go far enough." . . . Couple of writing fellows with time on their hands compiled a list of literati who boast the fanciest vests. Leading choices

Hate Poem:

On Traveling to and from New York to Princeton on the Pennsylvania Railroad

By Ashley Montagu

DEAR God, what have I done
To deserve this place in the sun,
Where no shade is
And the heat of Hades
(Courtesy of the P.R.R.)
In this dirty jouncing car
Deflates
And dehydrates
Me.

Must my journeyings to and fro
Be a constant tale of woe?
Trains too dusty,
Collectors crusty:
Trains delayed,
Trust betrayed.
Must I a victim be
Of this monopoly?

O' Law of Anti-Trust,
Can you not bust
This totalitarian,
Absolutarian,
Valetudinarian,
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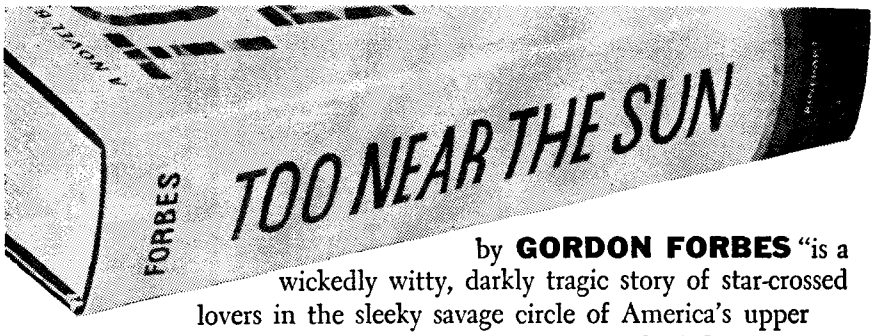

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included Truman Capote, Swifty Lazar (the society agent), Charles Addams, Curtis Pub's Ben Allen, dapper Bob Bangs, Lucius Beebe (of course), and Jean Negulesco. Further nominations should be accompanied by corroborative snapshots. . . . Overheard by Liz Carpenter: "I wish Dulles would stop wavering that big stick!" . . . Rumored title for Harry Truman's memoirs: "From Precinct to President." . . . Unusual requests: At the Brooklyn library a Southern lad demanded "Alabama and the Forty Thieves." A customer in Beverly Hills wanted a copy of "that Jewish sea story, 'Oy-vay All Boats'." And a lady with a ten-year-old in tow invaded Books, Inc., to inquire, "Where do you keep that Landslide Series?"

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION points with pride to the fact that one of the heroes of the Revolution was a bookseller. He was Henry Knox, Washington's chief of artillery and later the first U.S. Secretary of War. He had a decisive hand in the crossing of the Delaware and helped preserve morale during the terrible winter at Valley Forge. Before the British occupied Boston Henry Knox's shop on Washington Street was the Brentano's of its day—well stocked with hammock reading for colonial belles—and military manuals that Knox studied himself in slack periods. The British demolished his shop completely—but in 1793 Knox insisted on paying his prewar debt of nearly £1,000 in full to the London firm of Longman's.

Another rebel bookseller of whom the ABA is not nearly so proud is cutting an ugly swath in France at this very moment. That would be Pierre Poujade, a small-town bookseller who might be described as a road-company Hitler. His rallying cry, "Let's not pay any more taxes," is sure-fire bait for the lunatic fringe, and his organization, "The Union for the Defense of Shopkeepers and Artisans," is adding its full measure to current political chaos in France. A visiting publisher from Paris, however, is optimistic. "By October 1956," he predicts, "there will be a general election in France. Mendes-France will be back at the helm, and there will be sweeping and essential changes effected in the entire machinery of French politics. Poujade? Pah! Let us hope he will return to his provincial bookshop and pay not only his taxes, but his bills!"

"So Mendes-France is on his way back," enthused Ruth Powers. "I can hear those Parisian chantootsies now —singing 'We're on Our Way from Vin to Lait!' " —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review
MAY 21, 1955

REPORT FROM BANDUNG

By NORMAN COUSINS

THE PLACE

BANDUNG.

"COULD you please tell me what you think of our city?" the man asked.

"It's one of the nicest cities I've ever seen," I replied.

"It is a big relief," he said. "For four months we have worked to get it ready for the Conference. Do you know that every building and every home had to be painted or whitewashed? Maybe 20,000 whitewashing jobs. Every store-front had to be fixed up. They even imported special goods to put in window displays but not for sale."

"Every street had to be paved or repaved or fixed up. I know. I filled in hundreds of holes myself. It is all for you: it is a big relief that you like it."

My companion, whom I happened to meet near the Dutch-style hotel where I stayed, was not a road-repairer by occupation. He was an elementary-school teacher. In common with numberless other Indonesians, he had volunteered for the special task-force set up by the Government to prepare Bandung for the Asia-Africa Conference.

Preparations involved much more than the appearance of the city. Delegations from twenty-nine nations had endless needs that had to be anticipated and provided. Comfortable quarters, compatible foods, special transportation to and from the Conference sessions—all these had to be arranged. For the hundreds of "pressmen," as they were officially designated, there was the problem of all the foregoing plus the need for peak-load cable facilities and short-wave broadcasts to the rest of the world. Like soldiers in the field, each of the delegates or pressmen on the front line had to have six or seven men in depth behind him to keep him going.

From the standpoint of place and facilities, then, Bandung passed every test. Bandung is near the equator but it is on a high plateau, impressively rimmed by mountains. The temperature during the day never gets much above 80°. At night it drops to a sleep-inducing 60° or 65°.

The principal attraction, apart from the people, is the Indonesian sky. Nowhere in the world do clouds and colors combine to put on a more spectacular performance than over these serried lands. Anyone who collects memories of skyscapes as a hobby and can afford to indulge himself should settle down here for life. As a special fill-up he might take a plane ride towards sundown.

The people seem initially shy and reserved but warm up instantly on a smile from a stranger. Once they learn of your desire to be friendly there isn't enough they can do for you. Once you establish rapport with children they hold you by the arm and won't let you go. People whose earnings were only a few cents a day would offer you a place at their table.

In its external aspect, as might be expected, Bandung combines the Dutch look with the Orient. The architecture of the private homes and business buildings is unmistakably European resort style, but the general layout of the city is somewhat reminiscent of parts of Madras—reflective in part perhaps of the large Indian population in the city.

This, then, is the city that may eventually become the capital of Asia, if

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the long-term visions of some of the delegates come to pass.

THE CONFERENCE AS SYMBOL

Easily the most remarkable thing about the Asia-Africa Conference was the sense of history it represented and reflected. The nations at Bandung possessed as large a variety of political views and cultural or religious backgrounds as exist anywhere in the world; yet all the delegates seemed to feel they were part of one vast idea to which each was paying homage. The work of the Conference, the public and private sessions, the general statement which required so many hours of debate and compromise—all this was actually minor compared to the symbolic significance of the event. Bandung was more important as ceremony than as conference.

The ceremony, of course, was the graduation exercises of two continents—graduation into equality in the family of free nations.

The process of breaking loose from colonial rule had been spaced out over a generation or more. The individual gains had been celebrated, but now for the first time, all at once and in a single place, more than 1,300,000,000 human beings who had achieved freedom were observing the total event. It created a sense of exultation and kinship difficult to describe to anyone who wasn't there. The historical momentum was so great that it affected almost everything that was said or done.

Thus, it was no surprise that most of the delegates had a single answer for the question put to them at the end of the Conference: "What would you say was the principal significance of Bandung?" Their answer, in one form or another: "The fact that it was held." Every delegate I spoke to felt keenly the honor of having been able to represent his people at the one event towards which his nation had been aspiring for so many years. Triumphs or defeats over Conference statements were lost alongside the mountainous fact that each person present gloried in the historical aura of the occasion.

The men at Bandung marked their freedom, but there was neither gloating over the event nor the eruptive release of resentment towards the former captors or governors. General Carlos P. Romulo, who emerged from the Conference as one of the most influential and eloquent spokesmen for the new Asia, keynoted the spirit of the meeting when he said:

"The success of this Conference will be measured not by what we do for ourselves but by what we do for the entire human community. Large as is the cause of Asia and Africa, there is a cause even larger. It is the cause of the human community in a world struggling to liberate itself from the chaos of international anarchy. In short, our cause is the cause of man.

"Fellow delegates, our strength flows not out of our numbers, though the numbers we represent are great. It flows out of our perception of history and out of the vital purpose we put into the making of tomorrow. If that purpose is stained by resentment or the desire for revenge, then this Conference will turn out to be a fragile and forgetful thing. Let us therefore not seek to draw strength from hurt or heartbreak but from our common hopes—hopes that can come to life in all peoples everywhere. And if the test of that strength should be our ability to forgive, then let it be said that we were the giants of our time."

The spirit of the Conference gave substance to General Romulo's remarks. Certainly, those who had loudly predicted that the Conference would serve only as an intercontinental amplification system to denounce the United States in particular and the Western world in general were made to look foolish. Nor was this a "lynch party in reverse," as a few writers had blithely forecast. It was a sober event, soberly observed.

THE CONFERENCE AT WORK

This did not mean that the Conference was all sweetness and light. There were debates—plenty of them; but the dominant feeling was a desire to achieve positive results and to preserve the largest measure of unity possible.

This desire for unity was remarkable, considering the composition of the Conference. As one's eyes traveled from one side of the Conference Hall to the other, he was aware of strong and contrasting undercurrents. First of all, of course, one looked at Premier Chou En-Lai of the People's Republic of China, as it was officially designated.* Not far away were some of his severest critics: General Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippines; Prince Wan of Thailand; Dr. Fadhil al-Jamali of Iraq; Sir John Kotelawala of Ceylon, and Mohammed Ali of Pakistan. The apprehensions and grievances of these countries, however, were not directed solely towards Communist China. Pakistan, for example, was having its troubles with Afghanistan, with relations between the two countries at rupture point. Nor was Pakistan forgetting for a single moment its long-standing dispute with India over the Kashmir. India's own views on the Kashmir were hardly less emphatic. And, though India was not saying much about it, the long border between Nepal and China was a matter of significant concern in view of political developments inside Nepal itself.

One's gaze shifted from Nepal to the delegates from North Vietnam and those from South Vietnam, appropriately seated far apart in the Conference Hall. As though the Civil War between the two factions had not caused enough anguish to the people, South Vietnam now had to contend with insurrections within itself, and the danger that it might become so weakened through internal convulsions that, ironically enough, the people themselves might turn to Communism in a desperate attempt to put an end to the chaos.

Not far away from the South Vietnamese sat the Japanese delegation. Not so long ago the Japanese were in military control of Bandung and, in fact, of almost all Southeast Asia. One wondered how the Indonesians felt when they went about the business of being the polite host to a nation that only a short time ago held them in subjection. Almost everywhere one looked in the Conference Hall, in fact, one looked at differences, large and small, relating to disputed territories, borders, economics, politics, or minority groups. Yet the sense of historical continuity was so great and the feeling of shared experience so dynamic that current differences almost seemed irrelevant.

This feeling of unity was the big story at Bandung, even though some of the accounts appearing in the American press stated that the Conference was split into two warring groups. According to these accounts, Sir John Kotelawala of Ceylon headed one camp and Prime Minister Nehru the other. It was made to appear that Nehru flew from one temper tantrum to another largely because of Sir John's denunciation of Communism as the new imperialism at one of the early sessions of the political committee. The only trouble with those stories is that two central facts were missing:

► First, Prime Minister Nehru championed Sir John Kotelawala's Conference policy statement on peace.

► Second, the final Conference communique denouncing all forms of colonialism and imperialism found Premier Chou En-Lai of Communist

* *The desk plate in front of Chou En-Lai's seat simply read "China" at the start of the Conference; several days later it was replaced by "People's Republic of China."*

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China as the principal objector and Prime Minister Nehru as the most effective supporter. The Nehru position was adopted. Far from attempting to monopolize the spotlight, Nehru seemed to go out of his way to avoid it. Some delegates were surprised, for example, when Nehru declined to join the roster of delegates who made opening addresses at the public sessions. [Originally the Conference hosts had decided against opening statements. But a number of the delegates claimed that they hadn't come thousands of miles just to sit still or applaud politely. Premier Chou En-Lai declined to vote one way or the other but made it clear that he had come to the Conference with a prepared speech—just in case.]

Prime Minister Nehru's most interesting difference of opinion was not with Sir John but with General Romulo. At the closed meeting of the Political Committee Mr. Nehru said he was appalled at the world's dangerous drift into coalitions and military alliances, citing SEATO in particular as a disturbing manifestation of narrowly conceived power politics. Carlos Romulo rattled no sabres in his reply. He too recognized the danger of coalitions. But he pointed out that SEATO did not exist in a vacuum but was the result of a specific and all-too-recognizable cause: a world which had not yet been made safe from aggression. He said that the Government of the Philippines would be the first to move for an end to SEATO once the United Nations enjoyed effective police powers and the machinery to ensure world justice.

General Romulo then praised Prime Minister Nehru's statesmanship in Asia, and said that the full development of the U.N. offered the best hope for the durable peace and stability that both Mr. Nehru and he were working for.

The final communique issued by the Conference seems to represent a logical fusion of these two positions. It also reflects the determination of the delegates to define the largest area of common ground. In the communique the delegates:

► Stressed the importance of economic cooperation among the Asian and African nations, but also recognized that this was a world problem and that, accordingly, economic cooperation would be sought with nations outside the two areas. [This was an effective answer to those who had feared the creation of a regional economic bloc.]

►Recognized and praised the effectiveness of outside economic aid. [This was a far cry from a statement repudiating American support, as had been grimly predicted in some quarters in the United States.]

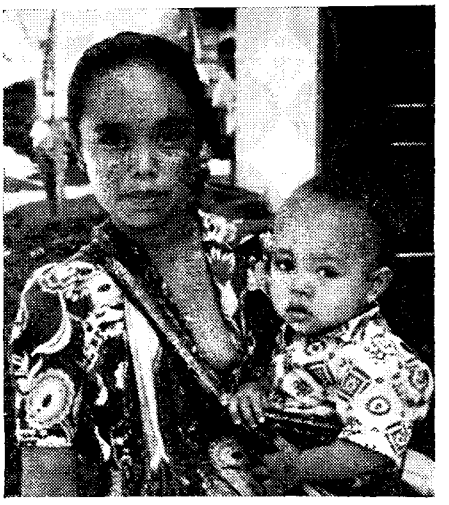
►Welcomed the offer of "the powers principally concerned" to share information relating to the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

► Called for strengthening the cultural ties among nations, and for removing whatever barriers existed to the fullest possible interchange of ideas, information, and people.

► Recognized that the cultures of Asia and Africa rested on spiritual foundations. [There was no indication here of objection by Communist China.]

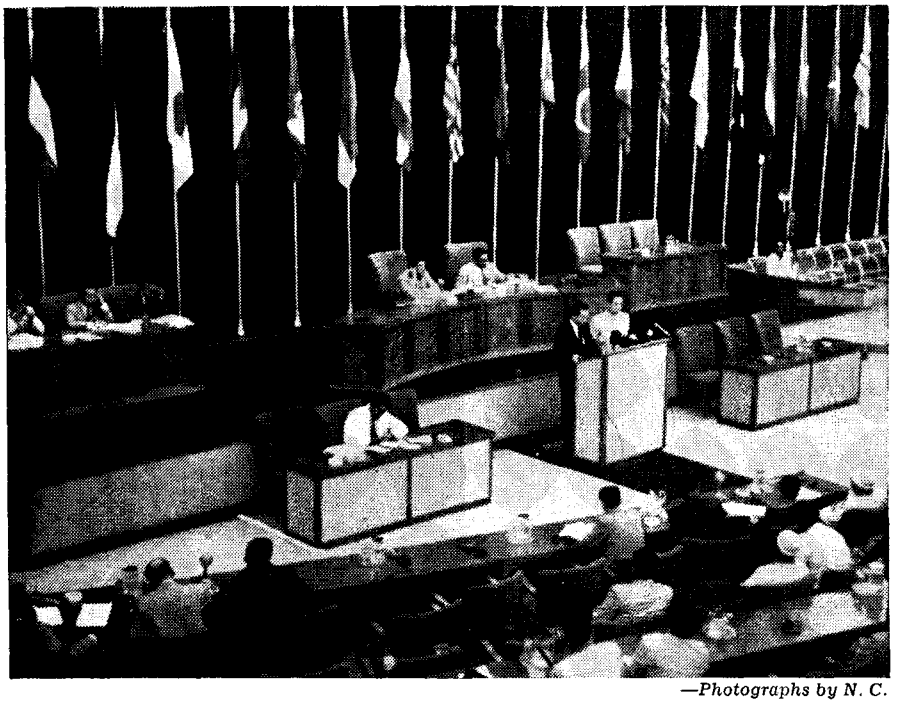
► Supported fully the Declaration of Human Rights as set forth in the United Nations Charter. The Declaration was hailed as a "common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations." [Premier Chou En-Lai, of China, had originally objected to any Conference statement based on a United Nations principle or position. He declared that since the People's Republic of China was not a member of the United Nations, and therefore had no opportunity to participate in the formulation of such U.N. statements or policies, his country could not be expected to attach its name to any Conference statement tied to the U.N. There was general enthusiasm in the Committee, however, for the U.N. Declaration on Human Rights, and Chou En-Lai withdrew his objection. This was a major break in the Communist Chinese position at Bandung, for it enabled the Conference to proceed to a half-dozen other points involving

(*Continued on page 54*)



"The people seem initially shy . . .

. . . but warm up [at] a smile."



—Photographs by N. C.

Inside the conference hall—"historical aura of the occasion."

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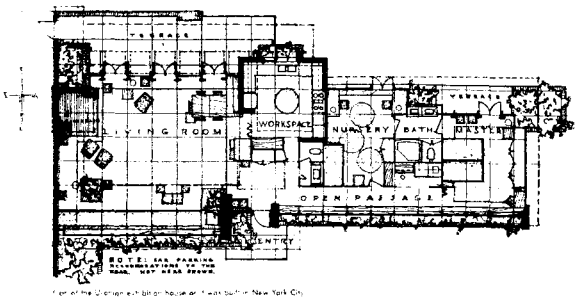
THE FUTURE OF THE CITY



From Japanese earthquakes to New York building codes to skeptical engineers to Wisconsin tax-collectors, Frank Lloyd Wright—at nearly eighty-six the Grand Old Man of his profession despite himself—has battled elements, indolence, and greed in his service to Organic Architecture: the perfect blend of stone, color, and texture for the home of man. Although his early Prairie Houses were severe by the standards of the Nineties, he is by no means a "functionalist" in the modern sense; all his rooms and buildings have the rich forms and dim recesses that mark a Wright perspective. Neither the slum nor the hard, gleaming glasscraper for him; Mr. Wright has written here a polemic against these things. And against the modern city, which he sees as a jammed, stink-ridden pesthouse and—in these days of perilous politics—a deathtrap.

By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

HERACLITUS of Athens—a radical Greek—was stoned in the streets by his foolish fellow citizens for declaring that only one law is unchangeable—the law of change. "All is in a state of becoming," he wrote. Today we also know, of course, that the law of change is the law of growth.

At this time in our own fantastic century of change Americans must not deny the changes that already are operating on yesterday's changes with inscrutable force and increasing rapidity. Our own fearsome mechanization is meant to promote human comfort, but instead it has thrown into ugly confusion nearly everything our lives touch. Our responsible authorities are sunk in vested, static institutions. They *fear* change. We citizens ourselves actually lack the necessary perspective, vision, courage, and the common sense to face the inexorable law of change. We pass by great opportunities with a wisecrack, now and then; but we want the wit to see them as they are and plan accordingly.

American big cities are perhaps the most heretical violation of Heraclitus's law of organic change. But sponsors of the modern city, first founded by Cain (the murderer of his brother), refuse to consider fundamental and human alteration in the city's structure because of our gigantic "investment" in the city as it is. And so the Machine Age has not liberated us. We are imprisoned: witness the new buildings on our city streets. Isn't it true to say that—in these buildings—Novelty is mistaken for Progress? Of steel and glass we have aplenty; but what of the imaginative and creative powers which make of these glittering materials structures responsive to the needs of the Human Individual? What of Real Sun, Real Air, Real Leisure?

Now, the mind is not modern that is still conditioned by self-interest, or clings desperately to quantity instead of quality. It is folly to believe that, instead of a new and different city, our present ones—born in ancient times and captives of commerce—can yet be made over to survive, if not suit, modern man. The old sun itself may be one of those stars going their way to make room for greater ones. So our present cities must go to make way for the greater city we can now build: a plan for man liberated, freed from his own excesses by the integrity of his vision.

Since "science-in-uniform" has already dated and perhaps doomed the urbanites of our planet, and continues to date even itself, why should we continue to believe that science will make an exception of the city? Science, having—in the city—taken society all apart in human terms, cannot put it back together again. Integration and humanization of society must be, as they always have been, the work of the Creative Mind: of the architect, the artist, the poet, the prophet. Especially at this moment we need the architect, for so long absent or a prostitute. The creative mind must rehumanize the decentralized society that is coming when the city at last dies. Without such conscientious spiritual leadership, this nation of ours—so long ridden by fear and commercial selfishness—must accept cultural, and therefore political, mediocrity. That means inferiority—if our democracy endures at all.

Our American cities are the most overgrown, yet definitely dated, form of centralization. Certain insects have gone further (and done better) with the act of centralization as a principle; but, anyway, centralization as a principle is always a dubious one, at best, where the concern is humanity. During the past half-century radical changes wrought in all our lives have settled the fate of centralized urbanization. A true vision of tomorrow (modernity) sees that decentralization is the basic principle of the good life. Any sensible man must see that further centralizations of any American city are only postponements of the city's end—if not its post-mortem. Can people be expected to live indefinitely in such prisons as our "new" metropolitan housing projects? What about Lever House—a very dangerous mirror used as a poster for soap. (Too bad that indecent exposure can't be achieved by safer means than such an abuse of glass.) And now comes the whiskey-building [EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Seagram Building going up on Park Avenue and 52nd Street in New York*], trying to trump the deck of facades in this rat-race for natural extermination.

THE deadline for eventual decentralization and planned reintegration of our cities is being continually tightened by science itself. Art and Religion, already declining, have been forced either to sink with or abandon the city. The alphabetical bombs now dropped into our already overstuffed tool-box—wherein are so many other marvelous new tools we have not learned to use—are rendering the survival of our cities more hopeless than ever. Had we really learned to use

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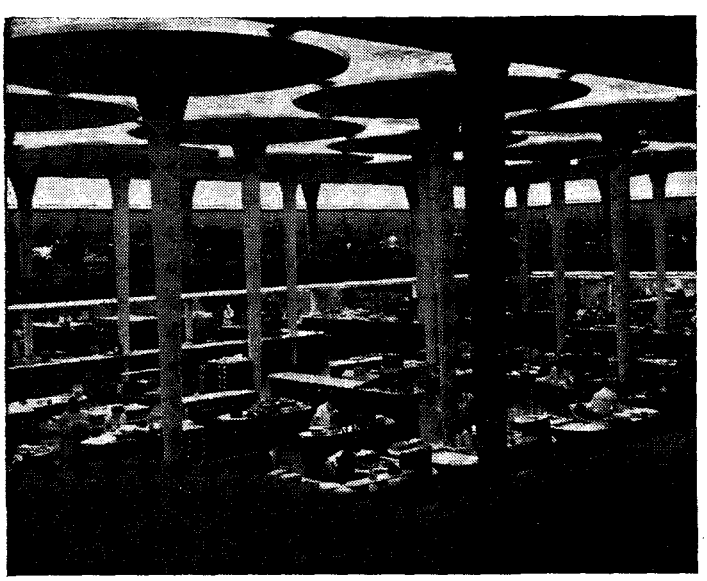
our amazing new tools, unlearned for so many bad reasons (not the least of these the gregarious character of the animal nature we have inherited), the open city of tomorrow would be ours to inhabit today. But no! This trampling of the herd we now hear is the shrieking of brakes and the blasts of motor horns. Instead of dust rising from hooves we have invisible carbon monoxide rising from herds of internal combustion engines—not dust from hooves, but poison gas. And the treads of quadruple tires, rolling on upended streets, carrying men hanging on by slender steel strands. Modern man more and more precariously continues on his mission of delay, hazard, and congestion, a continuous excursion which, with all his great new instruments, now forms the American trend—toward equalitarianism, quantity before quality, more or less senseless commotion.

Politicians know this well: "Scare a man enough and you can get from him what you will." Democracy, founded upon individual self-improvement as the condition of freedom, cannot now survive even its own politics. Democracy is already sinking into dreadful equalitarianism, of which the city is the structural symbol! Man's timidity, a most salient feature of his character, compels him to remain in his present fix. When Cain devised the city he was defying, "fearing," the Lord. Ironically, fear will be uppermost in the minds of his urbanized descendants when they abandon the city. The alphabetical bomb may help somewhat to show this natural coward that now there is every good reason why the citizen should study and act in accordance with inexorable law—the law of change. He either gets out *of* the city or he blows up *with* the city. But contagious fear, and man's own shortsighted interests, conspire to keep him right there where he is, regardless not only of his own peril and discomfort, but even of continual pain and the constant waste of what is best in himself.

Progress, an undercurrent without program, has been the story we have to tell of life-changes, "advances" which are now leaving us helpless in the affairs of our own cities. Much as the falling away of the level of the ocean exposes the surface of the earth beneath, so are we exposed. A simple change in water level brings new topography into view and into uses hitherto hidden. Mountain tops become islands; lakes appear in the hollows of the new leveling; unwonted vegetation takes the place of depths of water. Erosion keeps on and sculptures again the nearly new contours. So are changes visible in the life of

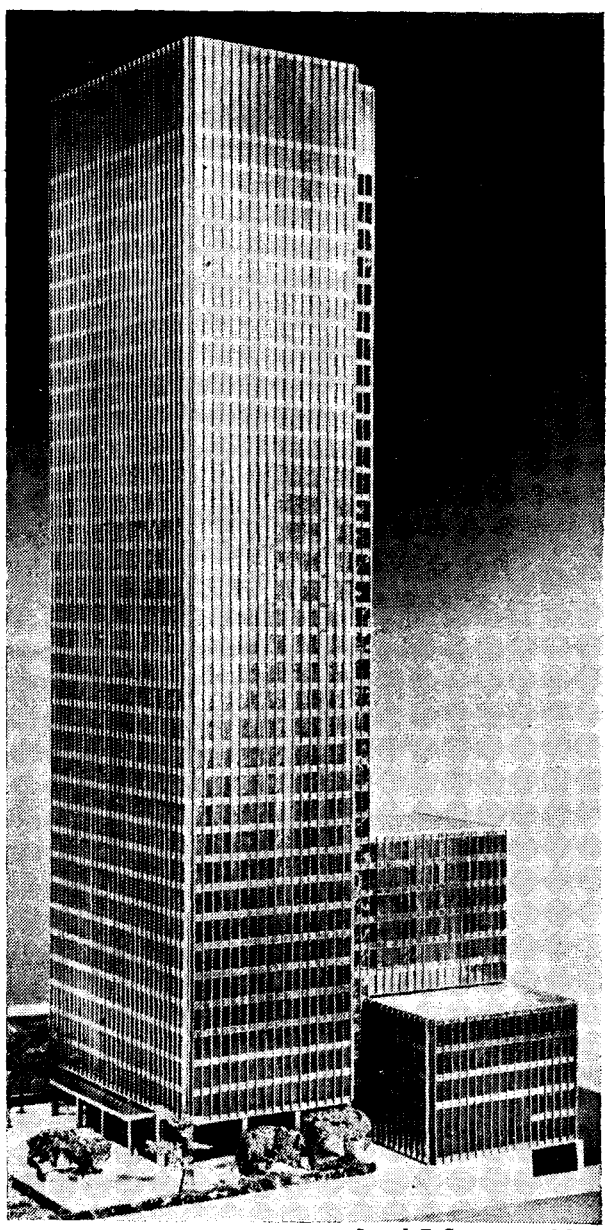
—*Maynard L. Parker.*

The V. C. Morris Store, San Francisco, by Wright.



—*Johnson Wax Company.*

Interior of the Wright's Johnson Wax building at Racine, Wisconsin.



—*Joseph E. Seagram and Sons.*

Mies van der Rohe's plans for "Seagram Park Avenue."

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man. What is to come? Movements countering upon one another continually take new directions, as sea life eventually becomes animal life. So much that was living dies, and the dead fertilizes new life, as under inexorable influences it issues in forms hitherto predicate, but yet unknown. This radical change seems no less evident today in the life of man. Where are all the civilizations of yesterday? Are not the dead ones those unable to meet change?

Subject to ever-present radical or organic change, such is the social life of modern man on this—his earth; and though changes being wrought may sometimes be even slower in realization than changes of sea and earth, they are as inevitable. One customary form of society weakens and gradually disappears, or, growing stronger, awakens to growth by way of great impulses. But probably with infinite slowness. Eventually the dreaded change takes place in spite of the coward's quandary, and all he can do to prevent it helps it along. But if man awakens, all organic change is to his *immense* gain.

SO, THE medieval city was for centuries a cultural necessity. Much as we may wish for the intimate human richness of that medieval time, that city has mostly done its work. What we now have, in New York and Chicago, etc., is still the ancient city, only overloaded with gadgetry inside and out (only gadgets and the garages are new), with the citizen himself becoming more or less a gadget. Trucks the size of freight cars zoom and ruin the streets for human beings, while garbage cans stand patiently on the curbs for weeks. Meanwhile story is added on story is added on story, to squeeze out the last dime for enormously inflated ground-rents. The modern city is a modern wreck without the charm of an ancient ruin. What has it left for our time when civilization no longer needs it? When our own democratic culture arrives we will abhor its inhumane impositions. Our modern economy—when and if really modern—will have neither room nor time for such cities as we have, except as we are able to conceive the city in the terms of that today which we call tomorrow. Even while expecting the city's doom, mankind seems shamefully blind to its equivalent or to its superior—the city suited to man alive in our own good place in time. Our Today includes all we can see of Tomorrow. What can we see of tomorrow in this, the American city of today?

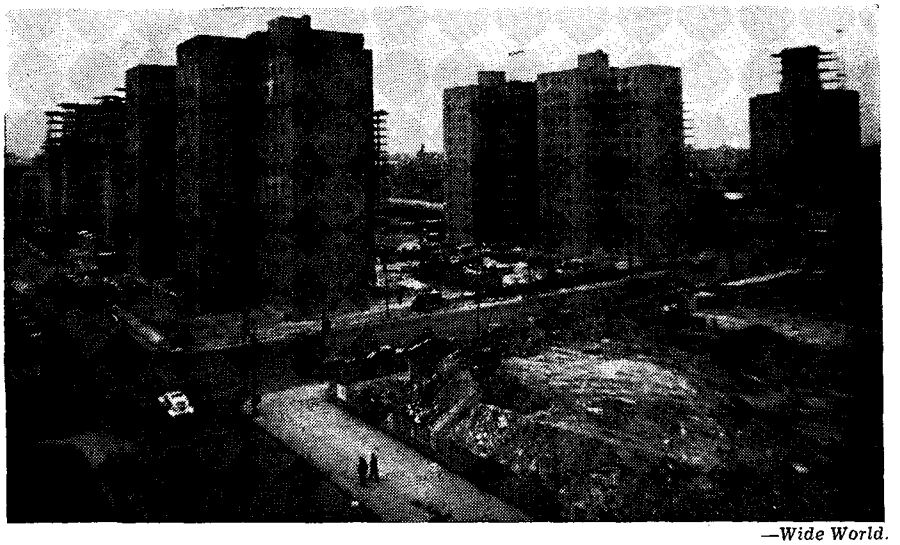
Organic architecture has already modeled a prophetic pattern of tomorrow's democratic city in the new scale and sense of space now desirable and possible for mankind by means of mobilization, electrification, and the Machine. This plan, called Broadacre City, was modeled and exhibited in Rockefeller Center in 1934.

Neither urban nor rural, this modern equivalent of the ancient medieval city, entirely new, is made possible by our great new facilities in ground-speed, the sky-port, electrical intercommunication, sanitation, medication, and gadgetry. These are all beneficial to us only when we learn to use them to proper advantage, planning to do so according to human nature. Planning, not as robots, but as human beings; learning to know what to ask of architecture, art, and religion in order to profit by a new use of all these new agencies in a harmony of Time, Place, and Man. Thus we arrived at the model of Broadacres, wherein we learned to use our new facilities for a better world: use them all as marvelous new tools—not use the machine as "motif," but use it as a powerful *tool* for the enlargement of the human horizon of the life of democratic-man-awake in possession of his own ground, his natural inheritance as man.

Tomorrow's City? Yes, but its connections planned as a bunch of grapes or a vine with berries, not as a melon or an apple. These old hangovers of the medieval city that we have now outgrown will gradually disappear into the green spaciousness of Everywhere. What becomes of the drastic divisions now existing between town and country? As none will be needed, all will cease to exist as such. City and Country will have happily married, and, agreeing to quality for all instead of quantity, one quality for all will enable all becomingly to settle down together, humanity the richer in every way. Richer in the humanities themselves, as well as in more productive, timely new conditions less time-serving, less servile.

THEN will the civilzation we are calling Democracy (the new aristocracy) become integral. Life itself will have new meaning, because what is really desirable in the present division of town and country will be born again under more favorable conditions in what comes of both together. This ideal of an integral aristocracy we are calling Democracy arrives only when the Arts, Architecture, and Religion together take up this neglected work of a culture of our own—quality for all as against the vagaries of quantity. This planned superintegration of both town and country is made possible not only by the new tools with which to work, which we have been given by science, but a new architecture: an awakening of man to his true place in nature. This new city is necessary because our sciences have unintentionally taken the old one apart and scientists cannot ever put it together again to live. The ancient city science has already destroyed; only the architecture of art and religion and the art and religions of architecture can give it appropriate new birth.

Multitudes of ancient traditions have automatically drifted into our civilization from ancient civilizations. These minor traditions will all be swept away under the stress of such multiple and rapid changes in social, political, structural economics as we see and suffer from day by day. New traditions will be born. The overgrown village (this dated city of today) is the chief burden now confusing and hindering our lives. For our modern life in America the only tradition we shall be able to keep in the



—*Wide World.*

"Oppressive, red prison-towers loom everywhere in the overgrown village."

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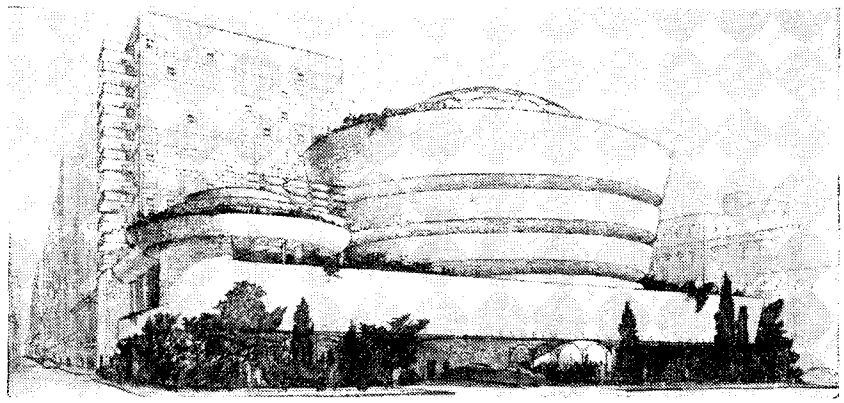
city of tomorrow—Broadacre City—is the great Tradition under which all traditions hover—tradition with a capital "T"—*organic change* is the new wisdom. "From the ground up" is now our wisdom and our plan.

UPPERCURRENTS and undercurrents of the new way—the undertow—are actually already having their way. We may not yet see them for ourselves. The gas station was the first minor manifestation. The factory going to the country was another; the department stores following were a symptom. Produce markets appear along roadsides. The congestion of the cities is already driving them out. Under the growing shadow of the H-bomb any concentrations are murder.

Soon relief must take a tangible cultural form. Planning a new and better scheme of life is fundamental to architecture—and surely wisdom now. It may be truthfully said that if the best people remain in the city it is probably in a penthouse for a limited part of the year. The "better element" has already left, or is about to leave or would leave if it could. The average citizen would go afield if possible. Oppressive, red prison towers for those doomed to remain loom everywhere in the overgrown village now—the new aspect of the slum, the slum transferred from the region of the body to the realm of the soul. People are not safe in them. These "authorized" towering slabs, soulless but sanitary—see in all these sterilized city structures, however novel or extensive, not greatness, but weakness—the final dirge of the era of urbanism. More important, see in these sterilized façades the degeneracy of this democracy of ours—the equalitarianism our forefathers dreaded. These sterilized human hives accommodate no qualifications or discriminations of the human spirit. They only reveal a sterilized conformity to commercial necessity, always quantity at expense to quality. What of those who must therefore remain in the hangover of the ancient city? For them this era will be called "The Sanitary Age."

So it is that all now lies in the lap of change. Our growing population continues to increase more and more rapidly. One consequence is that all urban accommodations are becoming less desirable for human life. Isn't our name for all that we see of such excess centralization "degeneracy"? Our forefathers would see just that in it—and call an emergency meeting to "deal" with such social conditions. As for Mother Nature, is she in stitches or in despair, firmly calm or merely indifferent?



TO BE OR NOT TO BE: Whether Frank Lloyd Wright knows it or not, his plans for at least one building have become a matter of as much concern to New Yorkers as is the outcome of the Belmont daily double. Ten years ago Mr. Wright first published his plans for a glistening, spiraling "little temple in the park" which is to be known as the Solomon R. Guggenheim Memorial Museum and which is to be Mr. Wright's first architectural contribution to New York. This projected New Yorker's Taj Mahal may very well turn out to be one of the wonders of the modern world. For, in Mr. Wright's own words, it will both "lie in repose" and "burst forth" and if an atomic bomb lands on the city the building may, again in the Wright words, "be blown a few miles up into the air, but when it comes down it will bounce."

The Saturday Review is happy to announce that, according to Mr. Wright again (though we doubt that even Mr. Wright would depend on it after all these years), the building will be under way within the month. We are especially happy to make this announcement because we hope that it will relieve the nerves of the prospective building's immediate neighbors who, for understandable reasons, have been a little jumpy. For, in the years since he announced his original plans, Mr. Wright has had to make an agonizing series of architectural changes, and as a result apartment dwellers in surrounding buildings have been playing leapfrog with one another, each trying to outguess the other as to what floor will lie safely above the seventy-five-foot plexiglas dome of the new Museum.

All these changes began when Mr. Wright took plans to the New York building code authorities and received his first setback. His plans, the authorities told him, violated thirteen rules, among them the fact that the proposed building—which Mr. Wright also likes to call a chambered nautilus when he isn't calling it other names—had an overhang jutting six feet over the sidewalk, that the material for the plexiglas dome violated fire regulations, and that a fire tower was missing when it shouldn't be. Said the eighty-five-year-old Mr. Wright on one of his visits to these authorities, having spruced himself up for the occasion with his customary starched collar, porkpie hat, and scarf in place of tie: "You'd think that at my age I'd be behind the times, and the times would be prodding me. . . . It's difficult to square with the ancient [building] code; it was ten years old ten years ago." But in July 1953, having already conceded three feet six inches of his overhang, he grandly agreed to consign the other two feet six inches to oblivion. Meanwhile, however, other changes loomed: the Museum managed to acquire the entire Fifth Avenue frontage of the block, so that Mr. Wright was contemplating adding a fifteen-story studio-apartment skyscraper to his plans; he had raised and torn down a lavish pavilion on the spot for a special Frank Lloyd Wright exhibit; and he had turned his building completely around—presumably for better effect. Then he announced that all would be ready to proceed were it not for the fact that costs had risen by one-third and that the Guggenheim bequest of $2,000,000 was insufficient unless he could find a contractor who could keep the costs down to that figure.

Last week, in an effort to help out everybody, we sent a telegram to Mr. Wright, now reachable at his Arizona school in Paradise Valley only by two-way radio from Phoenix. Having tracked down the situation to date, we wired, "Are you willing to predict when the building might be begun?" Came the reply by two-way radio and telegram: "The Museum will be under way in the next thirty days." We hope so. New York deserves a building that bounces. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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Reading Over a Poet's Shoulder

***"Predilections," by Marianne Moore** (Viking Press. 171 pp. $3.50), is a group of literary essays by one of America's most important and individual poets. It is reviewed here by William Barrett, associate editor of* Partisan Review.

By William Barrett

MARIANNE MOORE is one of the most individual writers alive. She could write out a bank statement, leave it unsigned, and the devoted readers of her verse—and now, with this volume, of her prose—would probably be able to spot its authoress. It would probably be a very accurate financial statement, too, for Miss Moore's individuality as a writer does not consist in any arbitrary assertion of the whims of personality but in her rare and incomparable ability to let the object speak for itself. "Feeling and Precision" is the title of the first essay in this collection, and the phrase is the most accurate description of her poetry that one might wish. It turns out now—with this her first volume of collected essays—to be the right phrase for her prose, too. Prose and verse issue from the same very individual sensibility.

Miss Moore is not a "professional critic," whatever this may mean. She *has* written a number of essays and reviews over the past twenty years, and some editor at Viking was intelligent enough to see them collected into a volume. The result should be a small but very felicitous occasion for all the admirers of Miss Moore's poetry.

To be sure, there are many domains of the art of literary criticism into which Miss Moore does not even attempt to enter. She does not attempt any final assessment or evaluation of her author, to place him in his exact relation to all other authors living and dead, and she does not seek to relate the literary work to history, society, or the spirit of the age. What Miss Moore does instead is simply to let us read the book with her, looking over her shoulder as it were, watching her as she underlines, points, quotes. To the rapidly reading eye her essays might seem but strings of quotations, but there is a great art to quoting, and Miss Moore has a genius for singling out the apt line or passage. Even her poems seem to give the effect of quotations—as if in the bright vivid arrangement of images she was letting reality speak for itself. With Miss Moore the eye must travel slowly over the page as in poetry, for the extraordinary pattern of detail establishes her meaning, indeed *is* her meaning.

Naturally enough, with this critical style Miss Moore is most at home with her own kin, the poets, and the best essays in this book are those on Wallace Stevens, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings. But she is able to go as far afield as Francis Bacon and by her nimble ability to pounce on the right quotation illumine aspects of this writer which a more ambitious and rambling essayist would miss. With the more intellectual poets like T. S. Eliot and Auden she is at a somewhat greater distance, but it is good to have these poets seen through the eyes of a radically different poetic sensibility.

Her essay "Henry James as a Characteristic American" would probably not be understood by anyone unfamiliar with the Jamesian theme of the American in Europe, but it is all the same a wonderful mine of observed detail. And though Miss Moore does not usually tackle the big and panoramic literary subject, she does in one essay, "The Dial: A Retrospect," give us a literary portrait of the Twenties that tells us more about the quiet and dedicated atmosphere of the period than usually appears in our literary memorials to a roaring decade.

But first and last the book is interesting as an exhibition of Miss Moore's own sensibility as this rare and remarkable poet goes about the task of teaching us to read by showing herself in the act. An essay "Humility, Concentration, Gusto"—good names, by the way, for her own critical qualities—ends with the sentence: "The thing is to see the vision and not deny it; to care and admit that we do." At a time when the methods of mass production, of rapid production for still more rapid consumption, have entered the practice of literature, Miss Moore does care and she admits it.

—GeorgePlatt-Lynes.

THE AUTHOR: Singlehandedly Marianne Moore, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has exhausted the United States' supply of major poetry awards. Her first five volumes of verse—the first appeared in 1921—had already won a closetful of them when, in 1952, "Collected Poems" made a clean sweep of the Bollingen, the National Book Award, and the Pulitzer. The other day Miss Moore, in her apartment overlooking roofs, trees, and Dodger fans, chatted self-effacingly and charmingly about prizes, about writing, and particularly about the sloppy use of quotation marks. "Expressing a thing one way rather than another reveals the little touches of temperament," she said, adding good-naturedly: "I don't believe I have *ever* been quoted precisely." [A statement like that can put the fear of God into an interviewer's use of the ", all right.] *Paraphrased*, Miss Moore said somebody will tell me I once said, after winning an award, I sincerely hope I justify this award. I would never in the world say that! I'll say this was given me as an optimism, thinking I might do well and I hope I shall. Read that last sentence out, please. (It was read out.) Now that's exact! You've got it verbatim! Misquotation's good-natured foe, who is also blue-eyed and almost white-haired, is an elegant sixty-seven-year-old Missourian by birth, who has been living in the same apartment in Brooklyn's Hill section since 1929. Her five rooms contain hundreds of books, dozens of pictures, and several of the most-photographed cartwheel hats anywhere. After a tour of the apartment Miss Moore said if what she wrote did not seem direct simple writing, direct simple writing was what she liked. She also said her prizes did not mean she won out over other people, that anybody could write what she did. Then, making it clear that she didn't care even if she were misquoted, she said, "What I write could be called poetry only because there is no other category in which to put it. Maybe it's verse. But I never in my life have referred to myself as a poet."

—Bernard Kalb.

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Poet's Savor

"Gentlemen's Relish," by Christopher Morley *(W. W. Norton. 100 pp. $3), is a most characteristic volume of verse from the pen of a onetime associate editor of* SR.

By Sara Henderson Hay

> Alas for me, lucidity
> Was always breaking in . . .

says the Old Mandarin, Christopher Morley, lamenting, with delicate irony, what he refers to as his poetry's unfashionable fan-garde-ism. How fortunate for his readers that not only lucidity, but wit and zest and sensibility are always present in his literary household, not breaking in at all, but thoroughly at home. A housemate, too, is the delightful bibliophilic habit of mind which is one of Christopher Morley's special characteristics. He belongs to that elect circle of born-and-bred book lovers, men to whom books are more than the printed word, more than the magic casement, or frigates, or coursers, as Emily Dickinson put it—but friends, in fact, and vividly, intimately alive. Morley's fellow bibliophile and good companion, Vincent Starrett, remarks with pardonable extravagance that "human intercourse is never more stimulating than when it gossips of books."

With what an engaging and perceptive charm, and from what wide fields of reading, marking, and remembering, Christopher Morley gossips in his new book, "Gentlemen's Relish," of his old friends—Will Shakespeare, "going good, in a working dream"; Chaucer, in the Kentish spring, looking outdoors on "that Aprille, with his shouers soote"; Whitman, filing everything on the floor and editing with the tip of his cane; Sherlock Holmes and his Boswellian Watson, realer than flesh and blood to the Baker Street Irregulars; Meredith, angrily writing a sixteen-line sonnet; and a host of others.

Much as he sojourns in the realms of gold, however, Christopher Morley finds enchanting and full of fine surprise the world on which he looks with an un-woolled, and not seldom ribald, eye. He appreciates with equal enthusiasm a well-turned figure and a well-turned figure of speech. He has many loves and a few hates, chief among these Interruptions and The Telephone.

"Gentlemen's Relish" is a characteristic collection of poems, ranging freely from epigram to ballad (notably the Ballad of that Town so big

Christopher Morley—"delicate irony."

men name her twice / Like so: N'Yawk, N'Yawk); from wisecrack and wanton pun to a singular delicacy and poignance of expression: from quip and crank to wisdom and profundity.

It is a temptation to quote unrestrainedly, to pass out generous samples of this gentleman's relish, so full of flavor and savor and tartness and unexpected sweetness. I like best those pieces which transcend the light touch—"It Will Last My Time," for instance, and the moving "Madrigal Not to Be Reprinted" with its grave concluding couplet:

> Sorrow wants no one there,
> Not anyone, anywhere

and "Britain for the Holidays," so graphic, so trenchant.

"Gentlemen's Relish" is the mixture as before, from a recipe we can trust. Heartily recommended for every table!

Howard Nemerov—"poetic patois."

Variegated Verse

"The Salt Garden," by Howard Nemerov *(Little, Brown. 83 pp. $3), is the work of a poet who is perhaps best known for his contributions to* The New Yorker.

By Louis Untermeyer

HOWARD NEMEROV is in danger of being stigmatized as a New Yorker who writes for *The New Yorker*. A satirist as well as a straightforward storyteller, whose quality was evidenced in "The Melodramatists" and "Frederigo, or The Power of Love," he is also (or, perhaps, primarily) a poet. Unfortunately, Nemerov has not quite made up his mind what kind of poet he wants to be. Just when the reader is ready to conclude that Nemerov is an advanced sardonist, he is confronted by an old-fashioned formalist hiding behind a new-fashioned imagist.

For example, "Fall Song," the first poem in his new book, "The Salt Garden," is the kind of neatly made, tightly rhymed lyric which the casual reader will recognize as the sort of love song, slightly astringent but prettily melodious, which he has always liked. The same casual reader is likely to be lost between this and the end of the book, which wanders through a wide expanse of diverse and sometimes difficult terrain. "Deep Woods," the last poem, is an example of the darker territory which Nemerov explores with deceptive nimbleness, jauntily at home in a misty, mid-region of mixed legends, double meanings, and shifting frames of reference.

Almost as original as he is versatile, Nemerov is not without ascertainable influences. His literary ancestors, however, are mostly contemporary; the accents of Auden and Ransom occasionally twist his utterance into a curious poetic patois. At other times Nemerov responds to a more rustic idiom. For example:

> We had the pond where none had
> been before
> To any memory . . .
> Where even if a stream runs dry
> in summer
> You have the stream-bed still to
> go by . . .
> Only the water-birds on their
> way south
> Accepted it, and rested there at
> night.

Frost, you say at once, and prepare to let the poem go as another off-

(*Continued on page* 52)

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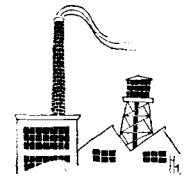
Instead of Corporations



"Co-operatives: The British Achievement," by Paul Greer *(Harper. 171 pp. $3), is an evaluation of a movement in which the English have pioneered. Professor Charles Obermeyer of Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, who reviews it here, studied the British experiment at first hand.*

By Charles Obermeyer

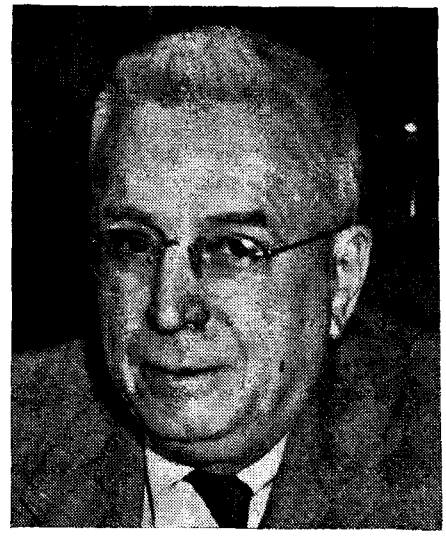
ON THE last page of his new book, "Co-operatives: The British Achievement," Paul Greer speaks of Great Britain as "an island of sanity" which "flashes its light across a stormy sea to warn of shoals on which modern civilization may wreck itself." The opening paragraph of the book tells us what these shoals are: dangers created by the complicated machinery of the state, the power madness and the passion to enforce conformity, the tendency to accept "any means however unworthy and corrupting to a desirable end"—all of them "crimes against the integrity and freedom of the individual."

Here then, is the reason for this book on British co-operatives. They represent for Greer an "inspiring rehearsal of possibilities." And when he writes this he is thinking of the USA as well as of those vast undeveloped areas of the world where co-operatives seem more logically indicated because of the lack of capital and the absence of any tradition of free enterprise.

The author confines himself largely to a description and analysis of the co-operative movement in Great Britain, enlivened by interviews with many of its leaders and some of its critics. He frequently moves, however, into other geographical areas for short comparisons and tentative prognoses. It is just here that this book suffers from some weaknesses and omissions. We need to know more about the conditions under which co-operatives arise, the specific problems they can handle, more about their historical and economic context if we are to draw valid conclusions about their future, say in Asia, where the threat of Communism is imminent. Greer gives us some heartening facts and figures, though, about the spread of co-operatives in Asia, producer as well as consumer co-operatives. Ten thousand co-ops in Burma, over 7,000 in Ceylon, a rapidly developing movement in Indonesia, India, Pakistan, Iran; co-operative experiments in growing food and in warehousing it, in setting up dairies and bakeries, hospitals and cottage industries, textile mills and rice mills; in organizing electric power and transportation, all in a setting where people are desperately short of capital.

His main and central concern, however, in this book, is the British co-operative movement. The oft-told tale of the Rochdale Pioneers and their hard-earned and saved £28 of original capital leads off the story. They set the pattern, in 1844, for consumer's co-ops everywhere with its co-op refund or dividend on purchases and its one vote per member irrespective of his number of shares. But Greer soon passes on to the Rochdale co-operatives as of today. with their 30,000 members and $1,500,000 capital investment. On to the city of Portsmouth, with 40 per cent of the milk supply and 25 per cent of groceries in the hands of the co-ops. And so, via Scotland, to London, where the London Co-operative Society has a membership of 1,500,000 with 1,000 new shareholders a week. London co-ops, fortunately for them, got going before the days of chain stores and supermarkets. Now they are maintaining testing laboratories, convalescent funds, funeral bonuses.

And so to agricultural co-operation in England and Wales. That gives Greer occasion to move to agricultural co-operation in the USA, which is much more advanced than in Britain and a major force in our country. There are over 10,000 farmer co-operatives in the United States and only 300 in England and Wales. But American farmers still think of themselves as producers rather than consumers. They want good prices for their products. The question as to whether distribution costs too much when the farmer gets only about forty-five cents of the consumer's food dollar has not come home to the farmer with sufficient force.



Paul Greer—"optimistic philosophy."

The most valuable part of this suggestive book is probably to be found in the optimistic philosophy and ethic that grow out of the interviews Greer had with many of the leaders of the British co-operative movement. The main components of this philosophy and ethic are: the magnetism of the idea of production for use rather than for profit, and of the practice of voluntary association for mutual help; the emphasis on the responsibilities of freedom as well as the privileges; the realization that individual freedom grows out of the collective effort; the urgent need not to sacrifice the individual to the state.

According to Marquis Childs, who writes an introduction to this book, the threat to the freedom of the individual does not come only from the left, from the oppressive state power of Communism. He warns of the "ever accelerated pace toward concentration of control in a few giant corporations" in the USA, a control that brings with it the danger that a bureaucratic state may take over when there are only a few giants left. If that analysis is correct we may add the same subtitle to Greer's book that has appeared on new editions of Childs's classic on Sweden—"the story of a constructive compromise between socialism and capitalism."

Notes

GERMAN LAISSEZ-FAIRE: Ten years after World War II, we are being told, a "miracle" has lifted West Germany to an unprecedented peak of prosperity. But are the Marshall Plan, the Allied currency reform, the natural resources of the Ruhr, the influx of ten million refugees from the East, and the German's dogged capac-

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ity for hard work miraculous? Less easy to explain is the belated discovery in Germany of the virtues of *laissez-faire* economics. With bullheaded perseverance, Ludwig Erhard, Konrad Adenauer's minister for economics, has refurbished these economic dogmas, which now correspond to Germany's new status as an industrial power that can no longer live without imports—and therefore exports. Hence Germany has become the champion of unfettered trade and convertibility abroad; at home, Erhard insists, the economy must be freed from restrictions, including cartels which endanger free competition.

Mr. Erhard's account of German recovery in **"Germany's Comeback in the World Market"** (translated by W. H. Johnston; Macmillan, $4.50) acknowledges American aid (over $3.5 billions), though he is less understanding of British policies, which were rather more orthodox in their treatment of a defeated enemy. Germany's resurgence in the world markets he attributes to her liberalization policies. He assures her industrial neighbors that this competition is just what they need, and that the level of the world economy varies proportionately with Germany's. Much of this may be true, especially if this were the best of all possible worlds.

But it is not, and Germany's economic and political recovery cannot be viewed with complete equanimity. Her power is too great and her historic record of responsibly controlling that power too feeble to inspire unqualified optimism. Still, we needn't heed too closely the predictions of those critics who play it entirely by ear and see neo-Nazism or another Soviet-German deal as inevitable. If anything, the Germans have written off their past, and it is unlikely that in the totally changed context of today they would embark upon adventures which in the Twenties or Thirties may have seemed enticing.

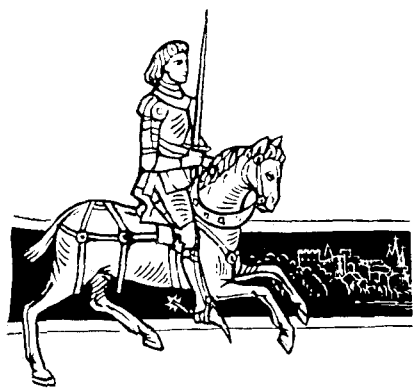
—Fritz Stern.

SPACE AND ECONOMICS: As a member of the Institute for World Economics at Kiel, Germany, the late August Loesch pioneered in the study of the relations between economic goods and geography and their effect on location problems. Combined with his expert knowledge of international trade, Loesch's reputation grew with the publication of major works in the field. Now that the language barrier has been removed by William H. Woglom's fine translation from the German of Loesch's **"The Economics of Location"** (Yale University Press, $7.50) the

(*Continued on page 53*)

FICTION

A Man and the Mighty Hunter



—*Jacket for "The Unhurrying Chase."*

". . . the hard way of a spiritual quest."

"The Unhurrying Chase," by H. F. M. Prescott *(Macmillan. 287 pp. $3.50), is an account of one medieval man's struggle against the devil that is within him, by the author of "The Man on a Donkey."*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

FOR a writer who has achieved both critical and popular acclaim, to go back into her past and reissue an earlier work is to risk throwing away a well-deserved victory, but this Hilda Prescott does for the second time in "The Unhurrying Chase."

Somewhat over a year ago her "Mary Tudor," which won the applause of the learned when it came out as "Spanish Tudor" in 1940, was brought out again with revisions and expansions and has since gone into four printings. "The Unhurrying Chase" is an early novel now published for the first time in the United States.

Because it deals with the interior torments of an individual rather than with the tragic adventures of a group dedicated to a common cause, it has less panoramic sweep and fewer epic qualities than the superb "The Man on a Donkey," which won Miss Prescott her American reputation. But it must still rank high among contemporary historical fiction, and is further proof that the English novelist is that rare combination—a scholar with imagination, an imaginative writer of accurate and penetrating learning.

Not so oddly, the three books have a common theme—the hard way of a spiritual quest upon this mundane sphere. But where Mary's bloody and tragic path leads us beside matters that concern a whole nation, and where "The Man on a Donkey" is occupied with more than one person's resistance to change that—whether or not necessary—was brought about by an evil and corrupt instrument, "The Unhurrying Chase" deals with one man's struggle against the devil that is within him.

It is thus narrower, but no less profound, than its two predecessors. Whether the reader rates it higher or lower than either or both will be a matter of personal taste.

It takes place in an earlier period too, being no longer Tudor, but happening in that part of the twelfth century when Richard of England was still only Richard, Count of Poitou. The scene is Angoulême and the cities and countryside adjacent. The protagonist is one Yves di Rifaucon, who is about to be knighted the day—May 23, 1176—after the book begins.

But because Richard has seized Rifaucon and slain Yves's father, he is landless and continues as a squire. Through a complexity of misunderstandings—some of them related to this—he also loses his lady love, Audiart of Rouillac. Thereafter—and with nothing left to him but his implacable hatred of Richard—he sinks into a medieval skid row. He becomes a hired, and a free-lance, cutthroat and brigand. He commits harlotry, murder, and plain thievery. He is twice nearly hanged and each time deserves it. At the nadir, he kills his best friend—without premeditation, but not inadvertently, really in shame at himself.

ALL this is described by Miss Prescott with the powerful realism of which she is such a master. But she does not leave Yves in the gutter, for she is an idealist too, and this is a morality play.

How she rescues him, how she demonstrates that God is indeed the "Hunter which never tires" and that "this is the mort," I will let the reader find out himself. Suffice it to say that the book has a medieval ending, which would not be convincing today. But this is another Prescott virtue: unlike many historical novelists, she gives her stories the psychology of their own times. And this is a medieval tale.

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The Smell of a Hidden World

"The Rice-Sprout Song," by Eileen Chang *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 182 pp. $4), is a novel about life as it is now being lived in Red China. Here it is reviewed by Preston Schoyer, author of "The Ringing of the Glass" and other novels of China.*

By Preston Schoyer

THE JACKET of "The Rice-Sprout Song" describes Eileen Chang's excellent little novel as "most unusual." In the strictly literary sense this is not true. She writes in the style of Lu Hsun, T'ien Chun, Lau Shaw, Lao Hsiang, and others of the modern genre school of Chinese writing, if with her own special perception and turn of phrase; she has the same pungency, the earthiness and humor, the underlying affection for her people, and the essential touch of irony. The book *is* unusual, however, in that she is the only novelist of real competence who has deserted Red China and written of life in that country from this side of the Bamboo Curtain. The pens of the others are either silent or caught in the straitjacket of "ideological correctness."

Though most of Miss Chang's previous writing has been in Chinese, she has written this story in English, and if her Chinese is as good then it must be very good indeed. The story is a simple one. It tells of village life under the new regime. Its action centers in the growing friction between a farmer, Gold Root T'an, and the local Communist officialdom, for the year is a dangerously lean one. T'an's explosive nature involves him in a fumbling, spontaneous outburst of peasant indignation against a government demand for food contributions. A riot and shooting follow. T'an and his daughter are victims of the incident; but, ironically, his wife absolves the Communists from the onus of creating popular discontent, for in seeking revenge she unwittingly creates the illusion that counterrevolutionaries were at work.

It is a moving story, growing in excitement as it rises to its tragic climax. But the tale is much more than its plot implies. Miss Chang gives the scene and the people the honest feel, the very smell of China; both are brilliantly alive. The book has another dimension; it opens a clearer window on life in Red China and the essential character of the new regime than could half a dozen scholarly works on the subject. Perhaps its most arresting revelation is that the people, the half-fearful, half-resentful peasantry, are less deceived by the massive deception Communism represents than the Communists themselves. The Chinese farmer, after all, measures governments not in the terms of glorious futures but of today's rice bowl. Viewed in this dimension the Communist officials, Comrade Wong and Comrade Ku, are the most interesting in the book.

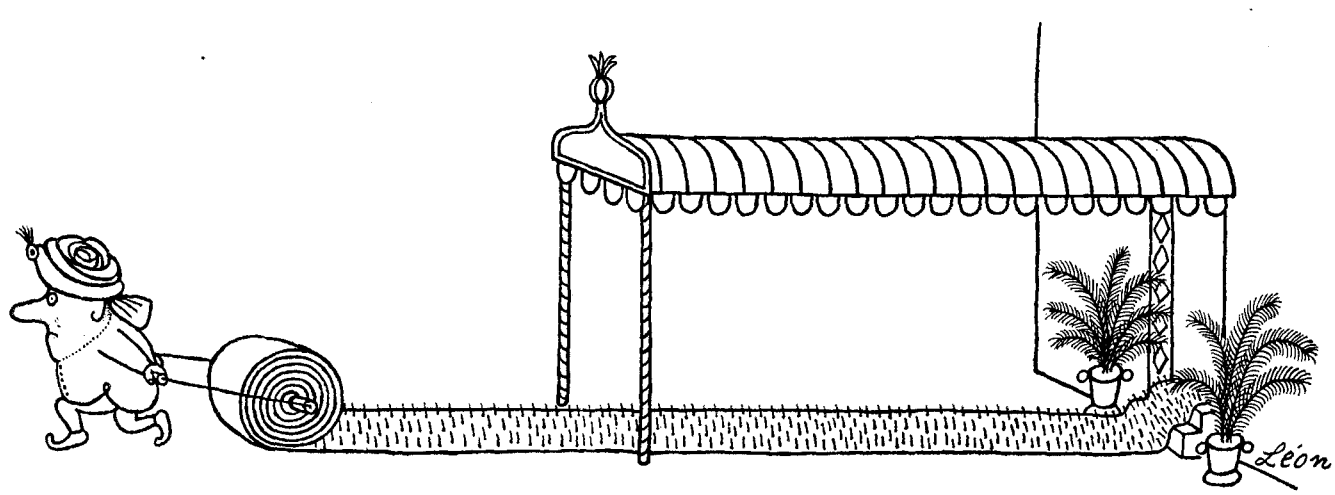
Comrade Wong, the chief official in the village and essentially a good man, is an old-time Communist. He knows nothing but Communism and the Party, and can think in no other terms. Consequently, few people in the village have less appreciation of the peasants' real feelings than he. Comrade Ku, a city intellectual sent to the village to collect material for a novel—he sneaks food from the nearby town because he can't stand the meager peasant fare—is not so lost in dogma, but he is trying hard to get lost (for his own good) and is already half successful. Unlike Wong, he knows instinctively that he can't tell the truth about life in the village; but neither can he stand clear of himself and see how ridiculous he and his fictitious story of country life, fictitious to be ideologically correct, really are.

As a penetrating commentator on the hidden world of Communist China as well as an exciting new artist, one can only hope that we shall hear again from Eileen Chang.

Notes

ARRESTED PEOPLE: If the backwater town called Talon is anything like the birthplace of Anton Fereva—as the blurb on his novel **"The Year of August"** (Putnam, $3.50) declares it is—it is no wonder that Mr. Fereva has moved to San Francisco. The California cannery town that he describes with pungent realism is so oppressively parochial that a feeling of claustrophobia rises from his well-written pages. And each of the principal residents of this latter-day Main Street owns a richly moldering psyche. Chris Lord, Talon's rising young lawyer, is dogged by a feverish compulsion to get even with "them," the townspeople who had snubbed him when he was poor. Lillian, his devoted fiancee, has such an acute sense of insecurity that she works up to wrist slashing and worse. A sickness bigger than both of these belongs to Sally Talon, descendant of the town's founder, whose old mansion Lord covets (along with Sally herself) as the final "seal of victory."

Mr. Fereva writes with a degree of



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finesse that makes his first novel a pleasure to read, and which should make his next book a matter of more than routine interest. But if there is something to grumble about it is the almost childlike singleness of purpose with which his trio arrives at the inevitable debacle. Sally Talon, the most lucid neurotic of the group, puts a shaky finger on the novel's main flaw when she admits that she is an unsuccessful parent because "I want to be a little girl too." All of the main characters share Sally's arrested development, though they lack her perception. Perhaps this backwardness is the fault of the climate rather than the author—yet it is hard to believe that there is not more to his characters than Mr. Fereva reveals.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

FLOUNDERING MAN: When Felix Thorne, concert manager hero of Ludwig Lewisohn's **"In a Summer Season"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3), attends a third-rate recital and thinks: "The whole performance . . . seemed torn out of the context of life. It was a weary artifice," he seems to be passing judgment upon his own history. It is a weary artifice. It is a vehicle for Mr. Lewisohn's bitter and prophetic views upon this decadent time of troubles (views he has expressed more vigorously in better books than this one), but it is empty of the people of bone and blood to give them habitation. Hence we can observe Felix Thorne as he plows through a welter of sex toward his salvation by redeeming faith, without much belief in him or his late redemption—since neither he nor his febrile women nor his pasteboard goddess, Monica, are real. In such halls of mirrors the horrors are not fearsome and the exit is always there.

—NATHAN ROTHMAN.

ERRATICS IN FLORIDA: "If there's no meaning in it," said the King of Hearts to Alice, "that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needen't try to find any."

This might be fair advice to the reader who steps into the shifting quicksand of **"The Lilac Caprice"** (Messner, $3.50), an erratic novel by Alberta Murphy, which is to fiction similar to what the droll, nervous works of Paul Klee are to painting.

Simply to name the setting, which is a resort community in Florida, or to list the characters, a poor little rich girl, crippled in mind and body, who supports her dragging leg with bejeweled, color-matched crutches; a beautiful, free-wheeling cellist in an all-girl orchestra; the orchestra's harassed conductor, a man drowning in females; a demented old woman who intones scrambled nursery rhymes; her son, a paragon of fretful helplessness who wants to marry the cellist, but is crushed between Mama and Mortgages—such a catalogue can't convey the essential quality of the book which, despite its appearance as a semantic house-of-distorting-mirrors, achieves some of its deepest effects simply by looking at life very squarely.

By means of an artful dislocation of language and syntax from the categories of accustomed usage, Miss Murphy causes the reader to see things he never noticed before; and her characters, beneath their absurdity, are activated by some vital force which seems both beyond the author's control, and yet set into motion by her remarkable intuition and perspicacity.

I find such novels most refreshing to puzzle out, and regret their rarity. It may be hoped that "The Lilac Caprice" is not just a happy accident.

—JEROME STONE.

GIRL AT SEA: **"The Breaking Wave"** (Morrow, $3.75), Nevil Shute's latest, pictures a British ex-servicewoman in a postwar slough of despond. The war, which gives Leading Wren Janet Prentice both a mission and a lover, also takes them away; she is left with a neurotic sense of guilt and with the feeling of being "out of it." Rootless and unhappy, Mr. Shute's heroine drifts halfway around the world, trying occasionally to get back into the Navy, until disaster finally overtakes her on an Australian sheep ranch. All of these depressing events occur before the opening of the novel, and are reconstructed in the reverie of one Alan Duncan, a former fighter pilot who is the brother of Janet's dead sweetheart.

Nevil Shute, as his aficionados well know, has a sure hand with a story—and though the plan of his newest book is somewhat complicated, it never seems contrived. As much cannot be said for Janet Prentice herself; in spite of Mr. Shute's compassion, she is never more than the shuttle for an intricate web of circumstance.

—M. L.

MIXED BAG: What Don Marquis did for the cockroach Charles Terrot has done for the alligator—he has invested it with a raffish and unexpected charm. Mr. Terrot's baby reptile in **"An Alligator Named Daisy"** (Dutton, $3) doesn't use a typewriter, but she is versatile in other ways. She wins a saurian beauty pageant (on the basis of her "radiant dignity" as well as "exceptional charm"), she plays cupid for a young composer, and she straightens out his errant career. Mr. Terrot's whimsical fable is delightfully fresh and without a trace of saccharine.

—*Jacket of "An Alligator Named Daisy."*

". . . raffish and unexpected charm."

Ralph Allen, editor of *MacLean's Magazine,* takes meat cleaver in hand and flails crunchily at Canadian pressure groups in **"The Chartered Libertine"** (St. Martin's Press, $4), a broad satire on the efforts of some to change the simon-pure character of Canadian broadcasting. Mr. Allen is often very funny, but his sermons on the horrors of commercialism and censorship would be more effective if delivered with a shade more subtlety. The zinger in his novel (a matter involving a ladies' softball team and a man-lady out of Copenhagen) is an inspiration on which the author should have used his blue pencil.

Diane Raymond's **"The Small Rain"** (Lippincott, $3.50) is a pleasantly hazy still-life of a season in the Scandinavian sun. Piers Adam, an edgy British publisher with a nervous tic, descends on the Swedish summer house of Baron Kirsanov to help assemble the old gentleman's memoirs; before he can make his escape Piers has to disengage himself from the affections of the baron's two daughters. Miss Raymond colors even the most highly charged atmosphere with a wraithlike quality that seems in tune with the pale, sun-blanched locale.

Max Ferguson, a backsliding member of the young married set, is temporarily derailed in **"Hidden Fire"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) by the overactive wife of a country-club colleague. He gets back on the straight and narrow after a hard tussle with his baser self, and after he realizes that "he had been giving a half-hearted assent to life." The best of Sherman Baker's novel concerns not Max's dreary suburban idyll, but the Midwestern community in which he functions.

In **"The Big Store"** (Prentice-Hall, $3) Oscar Schisgall sets out to show what happens when a hot-shot promotion expert, named Paul Blaze, is turned loose in a conservatively operated department store. Mr. Schisgall lays on a lot of authentic sounding background—but he finally douses Blaze with a bath of pure hokum.

—M. L.

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Public Opinion and the GOP

IN 1952 Dwight Eisenhower won the Presidency with more votes than any Republican in the history of this nation. Yet today—only two years later—the President's own party is in a minority in both houses of Congress. Only once—in the case of Woodrow Wilson—before in this century has a man been elected President and then two years later found the opposition party in control of both Houses of Congress.

Does this mean that the former popularity of Eisenhower has gone up in smoke in a space of two short years in office? Does this mean that the Eisenhower-Republican victory of 1952 was a quick political turn-over not destined to stick for very long?

Actually, the fact is that, while Eisenhower won by over 6,500,000 votes and was elected with a handsome 55 per cent of the popular vote, the Republican Party started that 1952 campaign well behind the President and ended up well behind him. In fact, in 1952, while Eisenhower was capturing a good majority of the votes Republicans running for Congress received only a slight majority of the votes. Republicans controlled the Eighty-Third Congress by the smallest margin any newly elected President has had in the twentieth century. The plain conclusion from the 1952 elections was that Eisenhower won the Presidential election, but the Republicans didn't really win the elections for Congress. Put another way, Eisenhower won a personal victory.

The Republicans start any national election with an enormous handicap. They are almost bound to lose most of the South. In 1952 Eisenhower cut into the South, but still he lost the region, as a whole, by nearly a three to two margin. Furthermore, if you poll a cross section of the American public today and ask people what their party affiliation is you will find pretty consistently that, by a five to three margin, most people say they are Democrats. Given this headstart, it would seem that the Democrats would be almost unbeatable in a national election. But the Democrats are not able to get their people out to vote as well as the Republicans, and in recent years the Republican ranks have held more solidly than have the Democrats. In an election the results are likely to be much closer than five to three Democratic. Actually, neither party has an absolute majority. The Democrats run just *under* the 50 per cent mark and the Republicans just *over* the 30 per cent mark. The remaining roughly 20 per cent of the electorate—that is, one out of every five people—must be classified by the student as independents or swing or shift voters.

The Republicans draw their chief support from business, executive, and professional people, from older people, from upper-middle and upper-income people, from farmers, outside of the South, and from people in small towns and suburbs. These are the chief sources of Republican strength in this country today. The hard core of the Democratic Party stems from the South, the big cities of the North, the ranks of factory labor, low-income people, and from various ethnic and racial and religious groups, including the Negroes, Jews, and others. The "in-betweeners" are drawn most heavily from white-collar workers, former Democrats who are moving from the lower-middle to upper-middle income brackets, and who feel a compulsion to change their politics along with the change in economic status, and people who genuinely are averse—on principle—to holding any firm affiliation with either party.

So far as political appeal goes, Eisenhower was and is a white-collar man's Roosevelt. By and large in 1952 the hard core of the Democratic Party held its lines moderately well. To be sure, the South wasn't as solid as it usually is, and the big cities were off the traditional mark, and labor wasn't as solid as it usually is. But the big keys to Eisenhower's election were that he carried the Republican Party vote solidly *and* he won the "swing" or independent voters by a nearly four to one margin. The lesser keys were defections from certain normally Democratic groups. Eisenhower appeals as a political moderate on domestic affairs and as an internationalist on foreign affairs. His appeal to farmers was so strong that it overrode any latent discontent that this group might have had with the Republican farm program. And, perhaps most interesting of all, he had, and no doubt still has, the support of many Democrats who had soured on their party's internationalist policy—especially over the war in Korea. These are all areas of support that up to now the *Eisenhower* party seems to have won, but which the *Republican* Party has not won.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower is looked on as perhaps the most non-political President in modern history. A large share of the people in all parties are convinced that he somehow is able to rise above party politics, that he is essentially non-partisan. One might question how a President can run a country and remain in this aloof and non-partisan pose. But, politically, this strikes close to the heart of the Eisenhower magic with the voters. He isn't a partisan Republican, cast in the mold of Tom Dewey. And, with most people, he certainly bears little resemblance to men like Bill Knowland or Joe McCarthy, or Capehart or Bricker. The man arrived on the American political scene in this image as a wartime general; he was drafted to run in this image, and he was elected in this image.

There are few indications that this essential portrait of the President has appreciably changed in the past two years. Other changes have been registered since 1954. The election of Scott in North Carolina, Kefauver in Ten-

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nessee, and Sparkman in Alabama all pointed to a resurgence of a new look in the Democratic Party south of the Mason-Dixon line. These men are akin to their Northern brethren in the Democratic Party in their liberal outlook. The importance of these victories in 1954, for the South, lies in the fact that the real gains Eisenhower made in the South in 1952 were among the conservative elements in the Democratic Party. With the liberals in the ascendancy, it might be considerably more difficult for Eisenhower to win many states in that region the next time round.

Out in Oregon last November the people elected their first Democratic Senator in forty years. Throughout the entire period of the 1930s and the New Deal Oregonians had never elected a Democrat to the Senate. But Dick Neuberger won. He may have been helped by a very attractive wife —who also happens to be in the State Legislature herself and who always runs ahead of everybody else on the Democratic ticket in Oregon—and he might have been helped by a whispering campaign against him because he is Jewish. Many gentiles in Oregon bitterly resented that type of campaign. But, basically, Neuberger was elected in Oregon because he took a very firm stand against the Eisenhower program on natural resources.

Moving eastward, in Illinois, which went heavily for Eisenhower in 1952, Senator Paul Douglas won easily by better than 250,000 votes over his opponent Joseph Meek. Probably the chief reason for Douglas's victory was not only his middle-of-the-road, or slightly-left-of-center, record in the Senate, but the wide identification of his opponent with the Old Guard of the Republican Party. Douglas was also helped by spotty unemployment, especially in the farm equipment manufacturing areas of the state, and he was helped by the extreme right-wing reputation of his opponent.

And this will no doubt be a problem for the Republicans in 1956. In 1954 the Republicans actually had the luck of the draw. They had far fewer so-called marginal seats at stake in the Senate than did the Democrats. In 1956 they will not be that fortunate. The Democrats have but one Senate seat coming up in a state which did not go Democratic in a statewide election in 1954. The Republicans, on the other hand, have three such cases where the Democrats won last year—Illinois, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. In addition, a number of Republicans who have been prominently identified with the Old Guard wing of their party are going to be running: men such as Dirksen of Illinois, Welker of Idaho, Capehart of Indiana, Hickenlooper of Iowa, Butler of Maryland, Bender of Ohio, and Bennett of Utah. All in all, a problem for President Eisenhower will be to avoid getting tarred with the brush of rightwing Republicanism. It is well to keep in mind that in 1952 the so-called moderates of the Republican Party ran right up with Eisenhower, but the Old Guard candidates ran pretty far behind for the most part. And, while Eisenhower can help all Republicans to a degree, the question is how much he can be retarded by certain types of Republicans running with him.

The case of Senator Humphrey of Minnesota in 1954 was an interesting one. Humphrey won by a very handy margin. And he wasn't running against any Old Guard Republican. In addition, Humphrey had acquired a reputation for being among the more liberal wing of the Democratic Party. But Humphrey's election was a clear sign that the public there was not in a mood to reject liberals of a Democratic stripe. In addition, in Minnesota there was a serious defection from the Republican Party from the ranks of farmers. These were mainly among the dairy farmers who were unhappy with the price-support program they had received from the Republicans in Washington.

In the East one of the most interesting elections was in Pennsylvania, where a comparative unknown, George Leader, was elected Governor. In this election, it was not nearly so much any dynamic appeal on the part of Leader that set the electorate afire, as it was the deep-seated unhappiness the electorate had with the previous Republican administration. Roads hadn't been fixed, scandals had broken out, and all in all there was a feeling that the Republicans in Pennsylvania had been in office too long for the good of the people.

The election results in New York usually divide sharply between New York City, traditionally Democratic, and upstate New York, traditionally Republican. And this time there is little doubt that Averell Harriman's margin of victory came from New York City, where he received a higher percentage of the popular vote than any Democrat in a number of years.

But what the New York election further indicated was that heavy Democratic big-city majorities may be beginning to come back again, after some slips in 1952, 1950, and even 1948. This could certainly hold important implications for 1956, since the big cities of the nation are located in the pivotal industrial states, and no candidate can be elected without winning a fair share of the big states. If the Harriman New York City majority were repeated by the Democrats in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Massachusetts, and California President Eisenhower would be hard put to win again in 1956.

TURNING now to the Republican side, there are also some significant portents for '56 in what happened in '54. For instance, in the election of Clifford Case in New Jersey there were no doubt pretty large defections from the pro-McCarthy right-wing group of the Republican Party. But, while Case lost a good deal of traditional Republican support, he also picked up a great many independents—and even Democrats—who felt that he was being unjustly cut by elements of his own party. It was not that they had anything against Howell, the Democrat. Rather they felt that the issue of moderation versus Old Guardism had been made over Case. These independents—and some Democrats—felt that the eyes of the nation were on them, and they gave Case a very slim but decisive majority.

In Massachusetts Governor Christian Herter and Senator Leverett Saltonstall, two Republicans who have always lined up squarely behind the President, were reelected against Democratic candidates who were backed by a Democratic Party that was far from united. This election indicates two possibilities. *One is that where the Republican Party is united behind the moderate wing it is formidable to defeat.* And where the Democratic Party is split in its own left-right version of the Republican split then the Democrats, too, will have difficulty winning.

In the primary victory of Margaret Chase Smith in Maine the internal Republican battle of pro-and-con McCarthy was fought out in the open. In Mrs. Smith's primary victory and her subsequent election, in the face of a Democrat winning the governorship, it can be claimed that in traditional Republican territory the GOP probably does better by repudiating the McCarthy forces than it does by mollifying it. The question for 1956 will be what will President Eisenhower do when confronted with the

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same issue? In 1952 he did not reject the support of McCarthy. If he did the same in 1956 what would be the repercussions, what would he lose or gain? This could provide an important clue to next year's election, especially if it is close in certain states. It seems unlikely the issue won't arise to plague him, with Dirksen of Illinois, Capehart of Indiana, Welker of Idaho, and others running for reelection to the Senate.

Finally, in the case of Senator Dworshak's victory in Idaho over Glenn Taylor, who had won the Democratic primary, there is clear indication that the Democrats cannot hope to win with any shades of pinkish tinge. Taylor was the singing cowboy who ran for Vice President with Henry Wallace on the Progressive Party ticket in 1948. Clearly he had not lived down this label, and the likelihood is that no Democrat will who has been as far off the reservation as Mr. Taylor.

TO SUM up, then, there was a real firming up of Democratic strength in the '54 elections: the big cities, the South, the ranks of labor, the areas with pockets of unemployment in them. But we find that basic Republican Party strength didn't wane a great deal from what might be called its starting minority position. In the suburbs, small towns of the North, and in the rural areas Republicanism is strong. But the big difference, as Republican politicians have been amazingly candid in pointing out in recent weeks, is the pull of President Eisenhower. By all the samplings I have seen, his popularity remains undiminished. However, this is very personal in nature. We saw in 1952 that he was able to change a voting pattern of twenty years' standing by his personal and what was regarded as non-partisan appeal. How much will four years in office tarnish this image?

The Democrats face some serious problems. They have to write a record in Congress which will maximize and bring out their largest vote. And, perhaps equally important, they have to nominate a man in '56 who can coalesce the diverse strains that run through the Democratic Party. What would happen in another Eisenhower-Stevenson contest? Well, the election is in 1956, not today. There are a good many crises still ahead for the Eisenhower Administration, and while 75 per cent of the voters probably have made up their minds right now about 1956, it is that 20 or 25 per cent marginal group that is decisive in American elections. There is one pattern which does seem to emerge from the 1954 elections. From the standpoint of winning elections, there is little doubt that the moderate pro-Eisenhower Republican wing has a much broader base of appeal than the traditional, right-wing Republican group. Similarly, it is now apparent in the North and growingly in the South that when the Democrats put on their most moderately progressive face they seem to run strongest. This would imply a kind of mandate that each party can maximize its chance by putting up the most enlightened, progressive candidates it can muster.

We have come quite a long way here in America in our political history. We have a long history both of political stability and of political change. A few years ago many thought the Democrats would never be voted out of office. After 1952 many Republicans thought that all their troubles were over. Now we see the phenomenon of what we might call the Eisenhower Party making extensive inroads into the marginal, independent groups. Most people were amazed at the closeness of the elections in 1954. But the underlying trend was Democratic, and the best analysis I can make of the state-by-state results shows it probably would have been heavier had not the Eisenhower image put the brakes on the trend. From 1936 on the "constant" in national politics was President Roosevelt. Now I think the "constant" is President Eisenhower. A Republican optimist can well say, "Yes, but in 1956 the Republicans have Eisenhower." To which a Democratic optimist might counter, "Yes, but don't forget Eisenhower has the Republican Party."

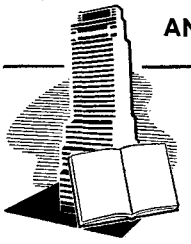
—E. R.

Anisfield-Wolf Awards

SOME years ago Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, established in memory of her father and her husband an award which since its inception has been administered under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review*. The award of $2,000 is made annually for that work, or works, which in the opinion of the Anisfield-Wolf Committee seems best to present an outstanding problem in racial relations.

With each succeeding year, and with the steady acceleration of the means of communication between nations, problems once remote from the concern of peoples separated from them by distance and disparity of outlook assume increasingly pressing import for all nations. Oden Meeker's "Report on Africa," to which one of the Anisfield-Wolf awards has gone, a book that is illuminating, objective, and compassionate, serves well the

(*Continued on page* 56)



ANNOUNCING

"IMPRINT ON AN ERA"

After almost half a century of distinguished achievment, all concerned with the printed page, the McGraw-Hill Book Company recently told its story in a booklet titled "Imprint on an Era."

The editors of *The Saturday Review* were impressed with the McGraw-Hill story both as a vivid account of effective pioneering in the world of books and as a dramatic way of putting before the public the record of nearly fifty years of publishing. Accordingly, we invited McGraw-Hill to make its story available to all of our readers. As a result *The Saturday Review* feels especially privileged to publish in the following pages a 16-page advertisement summarizing "Imprint on an Era."

We are happy to join in tribute to McGraw-Hill for its continuing contribution to American books and for making, quite literally, such an "imprint on an era."

Publisher

The Saturday Review

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IMPRINT ON AN ERA

A PARTNERSHIP IN BOOKS

The McGraw-Hill Book Company has published many thousands of books since it first set up business in 1909. But these have been our books in only a limited sense of the word; they are the achievements of the scientists, engineers, businessmen, educators, and professional writers who wrote them. By sitting down and writing, these authors set the whole publishing process in motion and provided the very reason for our existence.

Publishing differs from other businesses mainly in the publisher's complete dependence on an independent and indispensable partner, the author. In our own case, this reliance on "outsiders" extends even beyond our authors. We have grown up and made most of our progress and profits publishing scientific and professional books, many of them dealing with highly technical subjects that we couldn't hope to be informed about ourselves. We needed expert advice even to attempt the job. As a result, we have developed a unique three-cornered partnership with our authors, and with leading authorities in a vast range of subject fields who give us invaluable assistance as consultants and advisers.

The growth and progress of science, of business and industry, and of education have also had a lot to do with whatever success we have had. If these fields had not progressed with such enormous strides during the first half of the 20th century, and thereby created a demand for our books, we wouldn't have anything like the business we now have.

This kind of dependence on the efforts and achievements of others leads some people to think of the publisher as a passive "middleman," in the less complimentary sense of the word. They may consider him a shrewd, if somewhat parasitic, businessman who makes large profits exploiting the works of others. Unquestionably, our job *is* to play the part of middleman between the author and the reader. But this is a much less passive and more creative role than it might appear.

Our very dependence on so many outside agencies obliges us to contribute something positive in return. We cannot, for example, expect simply to be carried along by the advance of technology; we have to be an active participant in its progress. This means making a conscious effort to determine the needs in scientific, technical, and educational literature, and meeting these needs by finding good books and making them even better in the editing. It means that we have an obligation to value real scholarship and technical competence as well as "salability" in deciding what we will publish. Above all, it means that we have to do more than just wait for books to come along which make attractive investments because they meet accepted standards or follow current trends. It is our job to take the lead in improving the literature and shaping the publishing trends of our fields, because no one – not even the author – is in a better position to do this than the publisher.

Our relationship with our authors is no one-way affair, either. The author writes; we evaluate and edit, design and manufacture, promote and sell, store and ship, reprint, keep accounts, protect copyrights, and pay royalties. All in all, ours is the lesser job in this working partnership, but it

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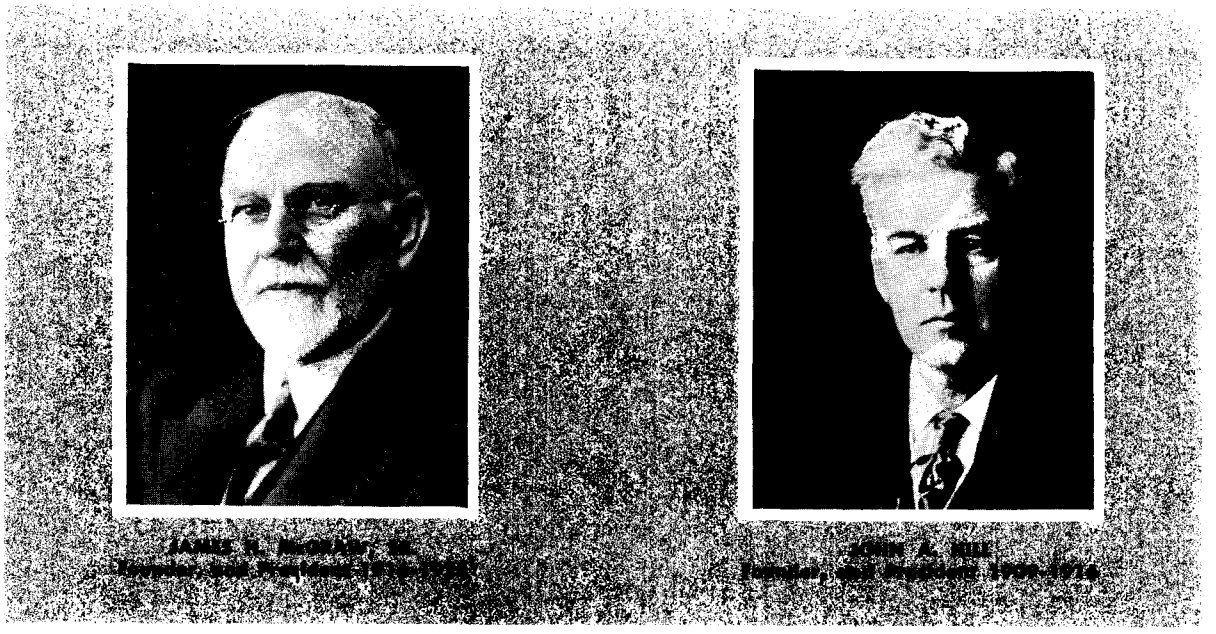
is no less necessary. In some ways, it demands just as much special knowledge and creative skill as authorship itself.

For his part, the author owes us his best efforts. We in turn owe him our integrity in all our business dealings, and our insistence on high standards in both text and manufacture. We owe him and his book our closest attention, no matter how many other books we may have in the house at the time, and we owe his book all the promotional backing its potential market and its potential importance demand. These things are not specified in the publishing contracts we sign with our authors. They are not legal obligations, but matters of personal and institutional trust.

but above all to make profits year after year, decade after decade. The only way to do this is to publish good books of lasting value. While it is true that a publisher might be able to make quick profits by publishing bad books and backing them with skillful promotion, such an operation could hardly survive indefinitely. Ultimately, our ability to get good books depends on our reputation among authors and among our friends and outside advisers.

Most authors put far too much time and effort into their books to pick their publishers by mere caprice. They want to know whether a publisher will hold up his end of the author-publisher partnership. They are, so they tell us, impressed by



This is the only basis on which a real partnership can exist. Our own business would hardly have been as successful, much less as enjoyable, as it has been were it not for the lasting personal attachments and loyalties that publishing breeds. Several score of our authors have published their work with us for more than 25 years, book after book – sufficient proof, in itself, that this has been a pleasant and profitable relationship on both sides.

Permanency, in fact, is our main objective as businessmen. We are trying first to make profits,

the fact that a publisher is making a sincere effort to serve his publishing fields. They look to see if his books have had a consistently high quality in the past, and if he has built a solid reputation among educators, booksellers, professional men, and all the other people who buy books with the publisher's imprint in mind. Authors weigh these and many other pros and cons; the publisher, in the long run, stands or falls by their decisions.

So this talk of publishing obligations is not pure high-flown altruism by any means. Our reputation hinges on our recognizing and meeting our obli-

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gations to our authors and to our publishing fields. And reputation is a publisher's one irreplaceable asset.

"Accounting" to "Zoology"

A point of issue often raised in the book trade is the question of size – how big and varied can a publisher's business get without causing him to lose touch with his authors and his subject matter, or without sacrificing the quality of the individual book? There is a type of publisher who deliberately restricts his list to a comparatively small number of books, and prides himself on being a specialist in just a few areas of subject matter. He holds to the maxim of quality versus quantity in support of a small publishing operation.

There has never been any question, for us, that publishing is essentially a personalized sort of business rather than an assembly-line procedure, and that it is the individual book and not the overall quantity of books that is the main concern. Yet we believe – and we think we have demonstrated – that quality and quantity are not only compatible but mutually supporting. McGraw-Hill belongs to that school of publishers who set no particular limit on the size or diversity of their operations. Our general aim has been to build as large a business as possible – and by this very means, to increase the amount of knowledge, expense, and personal attention we can put into each book we publish.

This is not a policy established by some arbitrary decision, but one which has grown out of experience. How it evolved is a matter of history, and perhaps should be told first.

Our business began as an adjunct to the magazine publishing activities of James H. McGraw and John A. Hill. Mr. McGraw, a former school principal, had acquired ownership in 1890 of several trade journals for the electrical and transportation engineering professions. Shortly afterward, Mr. Hill, who had left a career as a Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer to become a journalist, entered trade-paper publishing in the mining and mechanical engineering fields.

With the Industrial Revolution just beginning to get into high gear, both publishers found a constantly growing audience for their technical magazines – magazines which could keep engineers up to date with the fast-moving current developments in their fields. The same factors created a need for reference books as the permanent repositories of engineering knowledge. So both McGraw and Hill established book departments for their journals. They were in a good position to do this, since they knew their fields, could market technical books with the aid of their magazines, and above all, had many experienced authors among their magazine editors and contributors.

The two publishers merged their book-publishing operations in 1909, a move first suggested by their respective book department heads. Martin M. Foss of the Hill Publishing Company and Edward Caldwell of the McGraw Publishing Company happened to be luncheon companions and, during their daily noon-hour talks, came to realize the advantages of a combined operation. Foss, whose specialty was sales and "manuscript scouting," and Caldwell, who applied his precise mind to supervising finances and production, were assigned to take direct charge of the new McGraw-Hill Book Company, although McGraw and Hill were the titular heads. This was the first linking of the two publishers' names. (McGraw and Hill drew straws to settle on the order they would take in the title.) It was to be eight more years before they would merge their magazines and all other interests to form the larger "parent" corporation.

At the time of the book merger, the combined list consisted of about 200 titles, most of them practical treatments of a limited group of engineering subjects. The two most important were handbooks: Knowlton's *Standard Handbook for Electrical Engineers* (1907) and Colvin and Stanley's *American Machinists' Handbook* (1908). It was plain that the best hope for expansion lay in the general field of engineering and technology. This was where both McGraw and Hill had already built reputations, and more than any other field, it seemed to offer unlimited publishing possibilities for the future.

Among our early publishing landmarks were six books by Charles Proteus Steinmetz on electrical engineering, and the book uncovered by Martin Foss during one of his selling and manuscript-scouting tours through the Midwest. Making his last call of the day at Ohio State University, Foss stopped in for a talk with Professor Thomas

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E. French, who had a manuscript in progress. The result was *Engineering Drawing* – still the standard work in its field and probably the most successful engineering textbook of all time.

Soon we enlarged our book contacts with industry and with professional and engineering societies, as well as the universities, in all cases making good use of our connection with the highly respected McGraw-Hill journals. But mainly it was a matter of one book – and one author – leading to another. A satisfied author can carry his publisher's good name to dozens of his colleagues. In the organic growth of the company, our reputation among our authors and our knowledge of one publishing field would always carry us over into the next related field.

Our early books in agricultural engineering, for example, brought us into contact with the agricultural schools and led, by a sort of chain reaction, to books in scientific agriculture, botany, zoology, entomology, and forestry. From books on industrial engineering, we moved into the field of business management, and thence into accounting, marketing, finance, and theoretical economics. This, in turn, led to our first publications in related social sciences – sociology, anthropology, and political science.

Two outstanding works illustrate this sequence perfectly. In 1930, we published *Recent Economic Changes in the United States*, a massive fact-finding survey which was prepared by a committee of the President's Conference on Unemployment, including some of the nation's foremost economists under the chairmanship of Herbert Hoover. Our work on this book led, three years later, to a publishing assignment from another Presidential committee, the Research Committee on Social Trends. *Recent Social Trends in the United States* (1933) represented the findings of what was probably the most exhaustive study ever made of U. S. social forces and social institutions. It set new standards of research in its field. It also represented McGraw-Hill's first major publishing contribution to the social sciences.

For the first 20 years of our history, all our books were written either for students or for people with an occupational or professional interest in the subject matter. But laymen, too, were curious about the new technology – and in 1930, we entered the field of trade publishing, mainly to provide an outlet for our technical authors who wanted to write for the great audience of general readers. Our first trade book, economist Ernest Minor Patterson's *The World's Economic Dilemma* (1930), was emphatically in tune with current public interest. Astronomer Harlow Shapley reviewed the organization of material things from the atom to the galaxies in his extremely readable *Flights from Chaos* (1932). Dr. Edmund Jacobson applied 25 years of research to his *You Must Relax* (1935), one of the first popular books to take up the cudgels against the high tension of modern living.

Our general publishing soon expanded beyond the field of popularized treatments of technical and scientific subjects. Walter B. Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty* (1932), our first real best seller (a term generally applied only to trade books), did not attempt to simplify or dramatize anything, unless it was life itself. We moved on to books

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like Bellamy Partridge's *Country Lawyer* and Rosemary Taylor's *Chicken Every Sunday*. In 1945, we reached what might be considered the opposite end of the publishing scale from handbooks and engineering manuals by publishing our first novel, Adria Locke Langley's *A Lion Is in the Streets*, which was a tremendous success. Since then, we've developed a growing fiction list, and have carried our trade book program into almost every category of nonfiction.

Today there are more than 3,300 active titles in the McGraw-Hill catalog. We publish some 300 new or revised books every year, or about one book per working day – more than our entire list in 1909. While engineering and business subjects are still the backlog, we have full-scale programs in natural and social sciences; in agriculture, forestry, and medicine; in psychology, education, music, and art; and many other fields, running an alphabetical gamut from "accounting" to "zoology." We publish school, college, and intermediate textbooks, business and industrial reference books, handbooks, monographs, novels, biographies, children's books, and even some successful cookbooks; we produce audio-visual materials, and write and illustrate technical and commercial literature for government and business.

The company itself, by way of comparison, has grown from an original group of 12 employees and a few rented offices to a staff of nearly 1,000, occupying seven floors of our own skyscraper and three floors of a nearby annex.

By book publishing standards, ours is a very large and an extremely varied operation. Many businessmen might accept such expansion as a desirable end without question. Yet it is true that bigness *can* be a handicap in publishing. It is a handicap if it prevents the publisher from developing an intimate, specialized knowledge of each of his publishing fields; if it destroys his essential personal relationship with his authors; or if it substitutes a publishing "assembly line" for the careful, unhurried, individualized way of doing things that fine books demand.

We have tried to avoid these dangers, in the process of expanding our business, by setting up separate and distinct departments to concentrate on different publishing fields. There are nine of these departments, each with its own editorial and sales staff. The departments are grouped under the executive management of three vice-presidents, each a seasoned publisher in his own right, and each freed in his publishing job from the demands of the financial, service, and "housekeeping" aspects of the business.

Thus our company today is essentially a collection of specialized and virtually independent publishing houses rather than a single large publishing operation. Each of the individual departments has its own particular province – a field defined by the subject matter it deals with or by the educational level it serves. Each department is expert in the editorial needs and the special sales techniques of its field, and each has the time and the skilled personnel necessary to give full attention to every author and to every book published in that field.

At the same time, we retain all the undeniable and potent advantages that come from having a large over-all operation. As a company, we spread our publishing investment or risk over many books; we have the financial strength and stability to put more money into editing, producing, and promoting each individual title.

The publishing departments combine their strength in the across-the-board sales program. "Across-the-board sales" as we shall see later, means that each department sells not only its own books but all other McGraw-Hill books to its specialized market. In this way, each book we publish can be sold in every market covered by the company – or virtually all book markets – in addition to the sales through its primary channels.

There are many other advantages in a large publishing operation; not the least of these is the ability to attract and build and hold the best managers, editors and salesmen in the business.

We believe that expansion is just as desirable in publishing as it is anywhere else – provided that the publisher, as his business grows and as more and more books are continually offered for consideration, becomes more and not less selective in the books he publishes. In fact, we're convinced that sound growth and expansion in our kind of business operation can come only from this steady increase in "qualitative selectivity."

What Is Publishable?

The publisher's job can be reduced to three essential functions: finding and selecting publish-

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able material, working with authors and printers to convert this material into books, and selling and distributing the books. The functions are roughly chronological in this order, although they overlap at many points.

The first is in many ways the most important, for once a good manuscript is found, the essential makings of a fine book and a salable product are in hand. There need not even be a manuscript. A potential book may appear as an outline, a syllabus or an article that seems worth expanding, or simply as a good idea coupled with an author capable of developing it.

Many manuscripts (or their equivalents) are sent to us unsolicited, and some of these have become fine books. But we couldn't develop a balanced publishing program or exercise much leadership in our publishing fields if we relied wholly on "over-the-transom" methods to get new material. So we carry on a continuous program of manuscript development. Our editors spend a good portion of their time making calls and writing letters in search of books in the making. Most of our travelers are field editorial representatives as well as salesmen. They report regularly on promising manuscripts or potential authors they hear about in their daily rounds.

However we may come upon a book, we face at this point the most important decision in the entire publishing process. We have to decide whether the author's idea or outline or rough-draft manuscript represents publishable material — whether it is promising enough to justify the heavy investment that any book requires before a single copy is sold. At McGraw-Hill, an editorial committee in each publishing department passes on every book the department sponsors. The committee is made up of sales people, who know the probable markets, as well as editors, who can answer the most important question of all — "how good is the book?"

There is no blueprint for a successful book. Beyond matters of simple factual accuracy, the standards for judging a book are neither fixed nor exact. We may rely, in part, on our knowledge of the author's professional reputation and background. For all technical manuscripts, we get the opinion of outside authorities. Even so, there still remains a large area of estimate and approximation in predicting whether or not a book will make a profitable investment and a valuable addition to its literature.

The "salability" of a book, or its potential reader demand, is almost always a primary consideration. One of the knottier problems is to determine in advance the sales potential of a proposed book and to calculate how sales will balance out with the probable costs of editing, production, and promotion. Occasionally, we may try to anticipate demands. In 1927, for example, we published *Airplane Design — Aerodynamics*, a new book by Professor Edward B. Warner of M.I.T. We knew that the aviation field was too small to provide much of a market at the time, but the outlook was promising and the book was too important to pass up. In this case, success came sooner than we expected. A few weeks after publication, Lindbergh took off from Roosevelt Field for Paris, interest in aviation got the biggest single boost it ever had, and *Aerodynamics* became a money-making investment in short order.

Sometimes a proposed new book seems exactly fitted to a certain segment of the market — for example, a schoolbook suited to a certain type of curriculum, or a manuscript on home woodworking which appears at the height of a nationwide "do-it-yourself" movement. And often we originate a new book idea ourselves and go out to find an author capable of developing it — basing the idea on our knowledge of a prevailing or prospective market.

But the need or demand for books is not always so readily determined. In most technical fields, it takes professional authorities to determine where the real needs lie — to detect the gaps and deficiencies in the literature of a large and complex subject area.

To keep in close touch with these publishing needs, we initiated the now general practice of publishing a book series, or a correlated group of text and reference books covering a particular field. A series usually is planned to include all of the important subject categories in its field — to cover theory and practice, and to range from fundamentals to the most advanced and specialized material. Individual books are written by different authors, but each series has one consulting editor, an outstanding authority in his field, who is responsible for over-all editorial planning and for the general quality of all books in his

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series. He watches for "gaps" in the literature, and helps us search out specialists to write books which are needed.

Our *Chemical Engineering Series* is one of the best illustrations of the way a series is built, book by book, to meet a prescribed plan. In 1925, a committee of chemical engineers was brought together by McGraw-Hill from industry and the universities to survey the needs for a permanent literature for this new and rapidly growing profession. Their report laid out detailed specifications for a correlated series of more than a dozen text and reference books: a chemical engineers' handbook; basic textbooks on the elements and principles of chemical engineering, on industrial applications of chemical reactions, on materials of construction, plant design, and chemical engineering economics. Also included were industrial and unit operations monographs on appropriate subjects, to be developed as need for them became apparent.

With the aid of the advisory committee (headed successively by McGraw-Hill editors H. C. Parmalee and S. D. Kirkpatrick), we began in 1926 a continuing search for authors and manuscripts. Since then we have published all but two of the committee's original textbook recommendations. The *Chemical Engineers' Handbook*, edited by the late John H. Perry and now in its third edition, has become the world's standard reference book in this field. More than a dozen monographs have been added as chemical engineering has developed over the last three decades. The entire series now totals 31 books; new ones will be added and old ones revised as time passes.

Today there are more than 50 McGraw-Hill series, covering nearly every branch of science and applied science and many nontechnical fields.

Wars create special kinds of pressing needs in technical publishing. We became a "military publisher" almost overnight in World War II, and published, all told, more than 400 technical books connected with the nation's war effort. Of these, some 160 were adopted for use in military training programs, including a number written expressly for the armed forces.

Also, World War II research produced an enormous backlog of publishable material with potentialities for peacetime use. Certainly no two fields offered greater possibilities for the future than electronics and nuclear energy. Since 1947, we have been engaged in publishing many official reports of wartime work in these and other areas. The 27-volume *Radiation Laboratory Series*, written largely by scientists at the Radiation Laboratory at M.I.T. under contract with the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development, covers the advances in electronics techniques which grew out of the great research projects in radar. The *National Nuclear Energy Series*, published for the Atomic Energy Commission by arrangement with Columbia University, is an account of the fundamental research and development leading to the practical applications of atomic and nuclear energy.

These books and others like them were written to fill real and unmistakable needs. Yet there must be ultimate standards for selecting publishable books, that go beyond the question of "need" altogether. Most really good books are their own best justification – in a sense, they create a need and simultaneously fill it. Any schoolbook which makes its subject eminently teachable will inevitably be in demand. In judging it, we rely not only on our knowledge of the market place, but also on our school editors' basic understanding of what makes for good teaching. In deciding whether to accept a novel or a work of nonfiction such as *A Man Called Peter*, we depend on the literary taste and judgment of our trade editors, not so much on reports of book-buying trends. We don't accept a college mathematics text or a reference book in electrical engineering merely because it happens to cover a gap in the subject matter. We turn first to our editors and to our expert advisers to find out if the manuscript is well organized, presents its material clearly and effectively, makes a really significant contribution to its field.

Conversely, we don't reject a manuscript merely because we have on our list other books on the same subject. We often publish several books in the same subject field, and may include two or more of these in the same series – bearing in mind that there is an almost unlimited range for imaginative thinking and for differing points of view in even the most limited body of subject matter. We would be hurting ourselves and our publishing fields if we adopted a "one-book" policy or judged manuscripts any way but individually, in terms of their own merits and objectives.

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Individuality, then, is the one vital standard that we can apply to all of our books, technical and nontechnical alike. If an author has significant ideas of his own to express, and if he expresses them effectively and well, his work is almost certain to be "publishable material."

There are even occasions when we will accept a book for publication despite the fact that we are certain it will have too little demand, in terms of numbers of readers, to make a profitable publishing venture. We have published many highly specialized treatises, and have undertaken several large, multivolume projects in cooperation with professional and government organizations when we were fairly certain beforehand that these would not be profitable financially. For us, the potential value of such books can never be measured strictly in dollars and cents returned on the investment. The point is that these were fine books; they were immensely valuable to their fields, and no less so because these fields were somewhat narrow from a publisher's viewpoint. As long-term investments, however, they have often returned more than their cost because of the prestige they have given our imprint.

Manuscripts Into Books

Our partnership with an author is officially established when we sign a contract to publish his book. From this point forward, we work with him to create a book which will achieve his objectives as well as meet our own standards. Our part in this task has two stages. First, there is the job of "creative" editing, which is concerned with the meaning, organization, and literary style – in other words, with the substance – of the text. When this is completed, the book goes into the production stage for copy editing – concerned mainly with the details of writing and typographical style – and for design and manufacture.

Where an author has simply "thought out" his plan for a book, creative editing may help him in developing his manuscript from the very outset. Even books which come to us as complete manuscripts are likely to undergo extensive revision and polishing – a change in emphasis here, a condensation there, a rephrasing for the sake of clarity. The main responsibility for what goes into a book is the author's, of course. But we give him critical appraisals from authorities, information on special requirements of teachers, students, and others who will use his book, and a variety of other editorial assistance. This help is made available to him but never imposed upon him. To our way of thinking, editing is a cooperative business, which no publisher can conduct by edict or pronunciamento.

There are different editing problems and different ways of meeting them in every department of the company. In the case of most of our technical and business books, the principal job of the staff editor is to select the outside authorities who will periodically review sections of the manuscript as the author develops them, to evaluate the comments of the reviewers, and to pass these on to the author. We follow this procedure with all technical material – even with elementary "how-to-do-it" books for the general reader. On the other hand, our schoolbook editors are subject-matter experts themselves, and always have a large hand in helping authors develop accurate and teachable texts.

However he works, the staff editor is the key figure in the author-publisher relationship. As the publisher's representative, he looks at the book from all the points of view a publisher must take – the point of view of the salesman exploring the market, the reviewer passing judgment on technical accuracy and significance, the copy editor concentrating on style and readability, the designer creating an attractive format, the manufacturing expert concerned with materials and processes, and the people who will eventually read and use the book. He considers all these elements, and suggests to the author how they may affect the success of the book. Most important of all, it is the editor who guarantees the essentially personal relationship between author and publisher. He gets to know the author and the author's abilities, working methods, and objectives. He makes sure that emphasis is placed on the quality of the text above all other considerations.

Publishing schedules, a problem common to authors and publishers, are a case in point. There is no question that schedules are necessary, since publication dates can directly affect the sales potential of many books. On the other hand, there is no place for arbitrary and rigid schedules in the writing and editing of fine books. Some au-

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thors write rapidly, others work best at a slow and precise pace; many are perfectionists, almost never satisfied with their finished products. To us, quality of the final product is always more important than a publication date, so we have no "deadline" clauses in our publishing contracts. We leave it to the author and the editor to work this matter out between them to fit the circumstances and the requirements of the book in question.

Over the years, we have developed a variety of special editing procedures. In addition to series publishing, we have worked with many professional groups, educational institutions, learned societies, and government agencies in a number of important sponsored publishing projects. One of the most outstanding was the *International Critical Tables*, an immense compilation of original scientific data, published in 1926 under the joint editorial direction of the National Research Council and the National Academy of Sciences. Another project of this type was the *Regents Inquiry Series* on the cost and character of public education. Published for the New York State Board of Regents, this series has had an important effect on every state system of education in the country.

In contrast to these projects of multiple authorship, one of our largest editing jobs is concerned with the work of an author long dead – and is about as far removed from technical publishing as one could get. This is the Boswell Papers – the complete collection of the famous biographer's manuscripts, uncovered in 1949 by Col. Ralph Isham of New York. We acquired the world publishing rights to the entire collection shortly after its discovery. The task of editing the papers was placed in the hands of a Boswell Editorial Committee under the chairmanship of Professor Frederick A. Pottle of Yale University, with the editor-in-chief of our Trade Department included among the members.

Four books, carefully assembled from among hundreds of letters, essays, memoranda, and other of the Boswell papers, have already been published. Yet this vast and unique editorial project is actually just beginning. It may well last as long as 20 years, and produce as many as 50 volumes.

There is a considerable difference between editing books for their idea content and editing them word by word. We believe in taking the extra time needed to give each book an individual styling and a painstaking copy check in both the manuscript and proof stages. On the surface, copy editing for spelling, punctuation, styling, and similar details often seems like a routine and mechanical procedure. Yet the emphasis on quality shows up more clearly here than in any other stage of the publishing process.

Copy editing is greatly simplified when our authors submit manuscript that is clearly and accurately prepared. To assist them in this, we publish the *McGraw-Hill Author's Book* and a special booklet *Preparing the Technical Manuscript*, which give them all the information they need. The *Author's Book* also contains a detailed description of the process of book design and manufacturing.

The appearance and physical quality of books – and of technical books in particular – has improved vastly over the years. McGraw-Hill's Martin Foss and Edward Caldwell were among the first publishers to start the trend away from what they called "scissors and paste" manufacturing methods. They set high standards for paper quality, brought in durable and attractive cloth covers, and put particular stress on better illustrations. Today, technical books have caught up with and actually surpass most other types of books in appearance and quality.

There are no short cuts to well-made, attractive books. In fact, it is the refusal to cut corners in time and expense, in care and in craftsmanship, that counts most. In design and manufacturing – the last stage of the publishing process – a fine book deserves nothing less.

Books Into Circulation

An average industrial firm of our size might introduce one new product in the market every two or three years. In contrast, we deal every year with some 300 "new products." Every new book must have its own special and distinctive sales campaign, because no two books have exactly the same market. Books can no more be sold like sausages than they can be made like sausages.

There is, however, one predominant market or "natural outlet" for each of the classes of books sponsored by our separate publishing departments. Each department concentrates on the prin-

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cipal market for the type of books it publishes; its sales staff has the special knowledge of media and techniques needed to give the book effective and individualized backing in this major market.

The principal sales methods, used in varying degrees by the different departments, are the personal call by a sales representative; display advertising in newspapers, magazines, and professional journals; publicity; and promotional literature sent direct-by-mail to classified lists of prospects. Several departments publish their own magazines or bulletins to help promote their books. The distribution of catalogs and complimentary copies, book exhibits and point-of-purchase displays, and many other sales devices are also generally used.

But the most important aspect of our whole sales program is this: each department of the company, using its own distinctive methods and media, sells *all McGraw-Hill books* to its specialized market. A department's income and profit are determined by the total number of books sold, whether these are its own books or books published by other departments. The sales staff thus has the greatest incentive to sell as many of all types of books as possible.

Under this program, every book gets active promotional backing in its principal market, *plus* all the other potential – and often marginal – markets served by the company in this country and abroad. And McGraw-Hill's wide reputation in so many publishing fields becomes a direct benefit to the author. Our imprint can help the acceptance of his book in its own field, and also stimulate additional sales in the many other book markets where the McGraw-Hill name is equally respected.

This is what we call the "across-the-board sales" system. Probably the best way to describe it is to cite the sales record of one specific book as an illustration. In December 1951, the College Department published the third edition of Graham and Dodd's *Security Analysis*, a textbook which had become an established authority. In the first two years after publication, the College Department sold 4,841 copies for use in college courses, the book's primary market. Meanwhile, the Gregg Publishing Division was selling 1,915 copies for use in private business schools. The Industrial and Business Book Department sold 2,159 copies through the mails to brokers and investors, and the Trade Department reached a similar audience through still another channel, selling 2,866 copies over the counters of general bookstores. The international sales program of our Book Export Division brought a sale of 936 more copies in foreign countries. Adding the scattering of sales in other departments, the total across-the-board figure was 12,773 copies – an outstanding two-year sales record for a book of this type, and a record which would have been virtually impossible without this unique combination of several sales programs carried on simultaneously in many markets.

An almost endless number of similar examples could be cited. Later, in describing the individual departments of the Book Company, we will show how each publishing department contributes to the across-the-board system – and profits from it. While this may seem somewhat repetitive at times, it is worth repeating, because across-the-board substantially helps the sales of almost every book we publish.

The sales planning for a McGraw-Hill book usually begins while the manuscript is still in the production stage. Before the book comes from the bindery, announcements have been mailed, advertisements have been placed, and our traveling representatives have given advance notice to teachers, librarians, bookstore managers, and other potential buyers. As the full strength of company-wide promotion comes into play, separate sales programs may be in progress in a dozen or more different markets.

The price of books, like the price of any other indispensable product, has always been a subject of widespread interest, and occasionally of some concern. Book prices usually are determined by four factors. First is the cost of producing the hypothetical first copy of a book; second, the estimated number of copies which can be printed and sold from the original plates over the book's normal life span; third, the necessary profit margins for our bookstore outlets and royalties for our authors; and fourth, the over-all volume of our company sales. Book prices have climbed in recent years mainly because of rising manufacturing costs. The average prices of college textbooks, for example, increased approximately 45 percent between 1941 and 1952. But publishers' costs increased about 80 percent in the same

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period. And the price increase for these books was far below the average increase in the price of all wholesale commodities, which amounted to 135 percent in those 12 years.

The prices of McGraw-Hill books would have to be considerably higher were it not for the steady increase in our total sales volume. Larger volume enables us to spread our overhead and our risks over several substantial and diversified fields – and the risk factor is large, at best, in any publishing field. The advantages of a large total sales volume obviously accrue to our authors and readers as well as to ourselves.

The real test of a book comes when it gets into circulation; the publisher may make his own estimate of its worth, but the final verdict comes from readers, in the form of sales.

The stamp of success varies with different types of books. Trade publishing is the field of the best seller, where the exceptionally successful book may sell as many as 50,000 or even 100,000 copies in its first year. But popular demand for most trade books is exhausted within a very few years. Technical books usually are more durable; though the market for them is more limited, they are likely to prove themselves by selling steadily, if modestly, year after year.

Some technical and business books have extremely broad markets, of course – like Professor Paul A. Samuelson's outstanding college text *Economics: An Introductory Analysis,* which sold 70,000 copies in the first year after publication in 1948. Few popular best sellers can approach the total sales of French's *Engineering Drawing.* Conversely, there are some trade books which bid for a durability that defies the shifts in popular fancy. Books like Catherine Marshall's *A Man Called Peter,* the works of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, and certainly the journals of Boswell, have the literary quality to become rather permanently established. *Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book* and some of our how-to-do-it books in the trade field may last for an entirely different reason; like many technical books, they can have an established demand as reference books for many years.

A McGraw-Hill book is kept in print as long as there is sufficient demand for the title to warrant the expense of continued printing, binding, storage, and back-list promotion. An exceptionally large proportion of our books last long enough to require renewal of the copyright protection, which expires 28 years after publication. A recent study of renewals showed that fully one-third of the titles we published in 1924 and 1925 were still active in 1952-53, 28 years later. Most of these were textbooks and practical books for business and professional men, and the remaining few were handbooks, perhaps the most durable books in the whole technical field.

These long-lasting technical books are not ageless; they must be rejuvenated and brought up to date as their subject fields progress and as sales justify new editions. Books dealing with scientific or engineering practice ordinarily need more frequent revisions than books concerned with theory or fundamentals. We keep watch on all of our technical and business books to see where new editions are needed.

A new edition is usually prepared by the author at our request, and we encourage him to do a thorough job – to put in all the latest materials and to make the revision as nearly a new book as possible. A really fine technical book can be revised without too much difficulty, because its basic organization and approach are sound. Another reason for revised editions is the advantage of keeping established names which have acquired respect and prestige among readers.

The cultural and social importance of books is of course generally recognized–in many respects, there is no product more useful or more important to our civilization. Books are the permanent record of nearly all the knowledge acquired in the past, and they are indispensable for advancing knowledge in the future. They are the teacher's most important tool, and a private university for any man who believes that his education should not end with graduation.

Books have no real rivals as a medium of penetrating communication. Newspapers, magazines, and electronic apparatus merely whet the appetite for information which only books can supply in full measure. And this is perhaps the chief value of books, after all. Whether a book aims primarily to teach facts or to theorize, to inform, to entertain, or to inspire, it is the one place where ideas can be developed in full and at the author's leisure – where ideas are not limited by restrictions of space or time, but only by the limitations of the author's mind.

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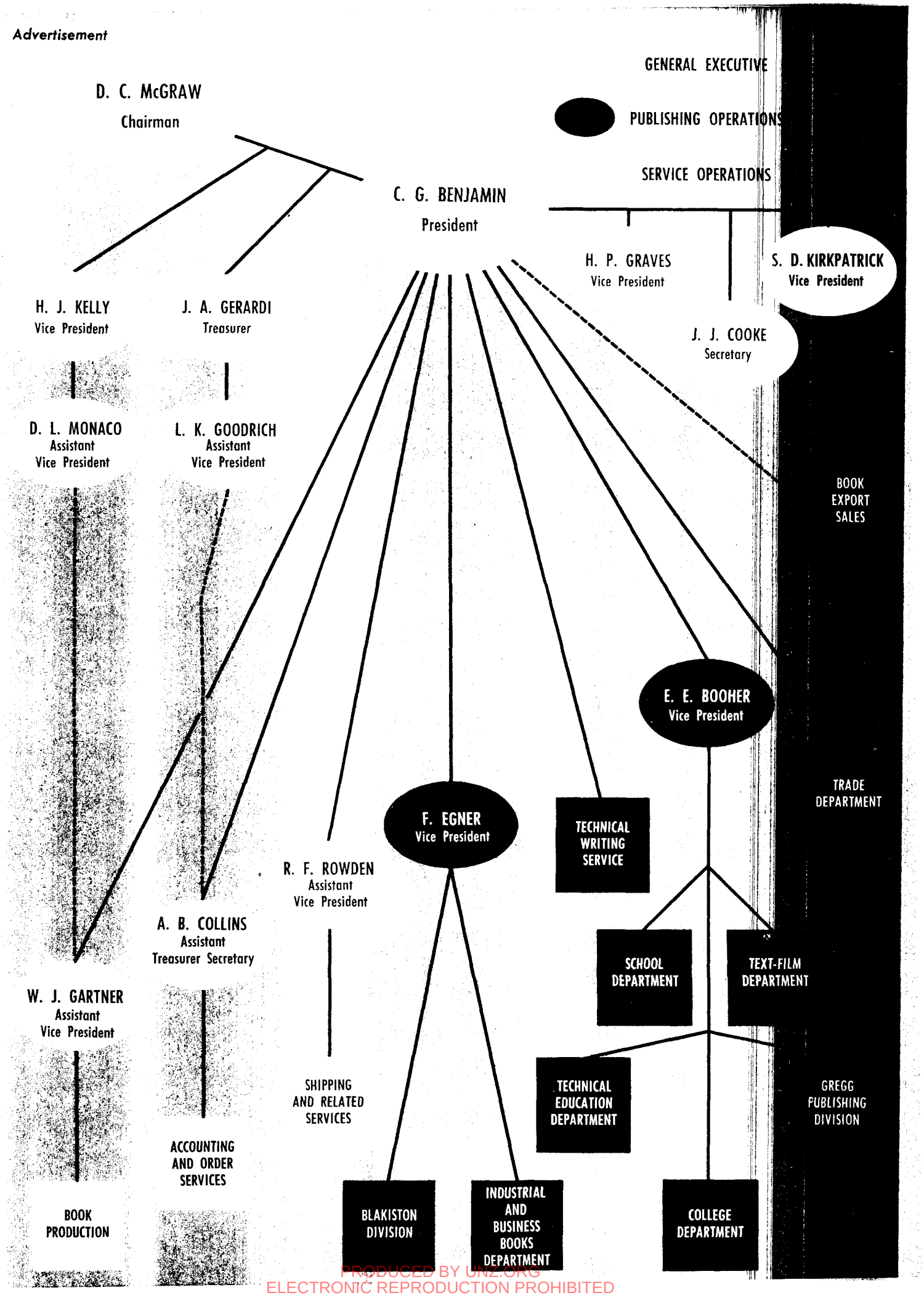

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PUBLISHING ORGANIZATION

The basic income-producing divisions of the McGraw-Hill Book Company are the nine publishing departments – each, as we have seen, a separate and individual publishing enterprise in its particular field.

Five of these are textbook departments, concerned largely or entirely with publishing books for classroom use and selling these books in bulk lots to educational institutions. They include the College Department, the Blakiston Division, the Technical Education Department, the School Department, and the Gregg Publishing Division.

There are two "nontextbook" departments, whose books are distributed mainly to individual readers. The Trade Department publishes for the general reader, while the Industrial and Business Book Department, as its name implies, serves a more specialized audience.

The remaining two publishing departments are, strictly speaking, outside the normal scope of book publishing altogether. But the Text-Film Department, which issues educational films, and the Technical Writing Service, which writes and produces instructional and promotional literature for contract clients, are important parts of our overall publishing program.

Most of these departments have staffs made up of two distinct groups of people. The editorial group, usually under a senior editor, selects and edits the books or other materials with which the department is concerned. The sales staff, under a sales manager, promotes and sells the department's editorial products to their primary markets. A general manager has over-all charge of each department's operations. In some cases, the publishing vice-president in charge of the department functions as its general manager.

The publishing departments are supported by 15 service departments, which perform a variety of specialized tasks. Three of these are grouped under the supervision of a general manager for book production – the Manufacturing Department, the Editing Department, and the Design Department. The financial departments include a General Accounting Department, a Cost and Royalty Department, and six order service departments, which handle the orders, billings, and collections. Finally, there is the group of four service departments handling the shipping, warehousing, and inventory control of our books.

This is the entire company – 24 publishing and service departments in all. But the Book Company itself is just a part of a larger organization, the second largest of five separate companies which make up the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, Incorporated. For us, this is far more than a tech-

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nicality of corporate structure.

Our association with the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, publisher of the McGraw-Hill magazines and corporately the "parent" company, provides us with an invaluable source of editorial counsel, facilities for research, reporting, and illustration work, and wide contacts in nearly all branches of business and industry.

In addition, the Publishing Company operates a number of centralized service departments set up to serve all the McGraw-Hill companies. Personnel, payroll, mailing, office services, purchasing, and many other functions are handled in this way—and the Book Company benefits in terms of reduced overhead and greater efficiency.

The McGraw-Hill International Corporation, through its Book Export Division, promotes and sells our books in foreign markets all over the world. The Book Export Division functions in many ways as a virtual branch of the Book Company itself, handling many manuscripts of foreign origin and publishing some books through its subsidiaries in Great Britain and Canada. McGraw-Hill's many foreign offices and news correspondents keep us informed of world conditions that bear on our foreign publishing and sales activities.

The McGraw-Hill Building Corporation acts as our landlord, maintaining our office quarters and providing additional working space as our expansion requires it. Still another associated company furnishes our most essential raw material, paper. The Newton Falls Paper Mill, Inc., in which McGraw-Hill has half ownership, provides a steady and guaranteed supply of high-quality paper produced to our specifications.

Few publishers have such a wealth of resources and services to draw on. These advantages, and the over-all financial stability we gain from being a part of the larger McGraw-Hill organization, are directly reflected in the amount of time, money, and effort we can put into producing and selling every book we publish.

1950-1954
PUBLICATION OF NEW BOOKS BY SPONSOR DEPARTMENTS

1954
NET SALES BY DEPARTMENTS

(Does not include the BLAKISTON DIVISION acquired in November, 1954)

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THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

In 1930 McGraw-Hill, then strictly a technical publisher, established a new division, known first as Whittlesey House and now as the Trade Department, to build a list of books for the general reader. Although twenty-five years is a relatively short time in this business, our Trade Department has now established a reputation among authors in all branches of the trade book field.

Trade publishing is both the broadest and most competitive of all publishing fields. It has a boundless range of subject matter and types of books. Its authors are mainly writers by profession, but no other field has authors with such a diversity of talent, experience, special knowledge, and background, and no type of publishing puts a greater premium on the skill of the editors.

Our Trade Department's general program in fiction, biography, and general nonfiction is supervised by an editor-in-chief, a managing editor, and three general editors, while two other editors concentrate on our juvenile books.

McGraw-Hill is building an increasingly strong fiction list, and has already published the works of such well-known writers as Kay Boyle, Taylor Caldwell, Adria Locke Langley, Elisabeth Ogilvie, Mark Schorer, Mari Sandoz, Jo Sinclair, and Jesse Stuart.

Biography and reminiscence are particularly important parts of our nonfiction program. Catherine Marshall's inspiring biography, *A Man Called Peter,* has become one of the best-loved books in America and has sold over a million copies. Some of our other biographical titles include the widely acclaimed *The Reason Why* and *Florence Nightingale* by Cecil Woodham-Smith, *Young Sam Johnson* by James Clifford, *Apes, Angels, and Victorians*: *The Story of Darwin, Huxley, and Evolution* by William Irvine; and Willoughby and Chamberlain's *MacArthur: 1941-1951.* The most famous biographer of all is James Boswell. The Trade Department has the long and tremendously engrossing job of publishing Boswell's collected papers and journals. Four books have been published from this collection, with many more to come—including the first complete and unexpurgated version of the classic *Life of Johnson.*

We publish in many other general book categories. Among our religious and philosophical works are the outstanding books of Bishop Sheen – five in all – including the memorable *Peace of Soul* and *Life Is Worth Living.* There are books on child care, salesmanship, parliamentary procedure, art, and music; humor books like Richard Armour's *It All Started with Columbus;* and a whole category of sports books by such figures as Joe DiMaggio, Jimmy Demaret, and Lynn ("Pappy") Waldorf. Some of our other well-known nonfiction authors include Louise Baker, John Mason Brown, Bellamy Partridge, George Sessions Perry, and Hartzell Spence. Travel books include the thirteen titles in the *World-in-Color Series,* edited by Doré Ogrizek, and the *McGraw-Hill Pocket Travel Guides.* There are the books of photographs and art reproductions, such as Richard Pratt's *Treasury of Early American Homes* and Murphy and Amadon's *Land Birds of America,* whose beauty and wealth of illustration make them ideal "gift books." There are even cookbooks – notably *Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book,* which has sold over 2,500,000 copies since publication.

Another special category is juvenile books, for children from four to sixteen, published under the Whittlesey House imprint. Some of the outstanding recent titles on our list of more than one hundred are Catherine and Peter Marshall's *God Loves You,* Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *A Fair World for All,* Willis Lindquist's *Burma Boy, Miss Pickerell and the Geiger Counter* and other books of the popular series by Ellen MacGregor, and the narrative version of the Gian-Carlo Menotti operetta *Amahl and the Night Visitors* by Frances Frost.

The selling and promotion of all trade books is a highly competitive, fast-moving, and many-sided operation. Our Trade Department has a large staff of field sales representatives who make regular personal calls on all the major trade book outlets—book jobbers, bookstores and department stores, and the larger public libraries.

Among the separate advertising, publicity, sales promotion, and subsidiary sales sections in the Trade Department, each develops its own special promotion plan for every title. All these plans are carefully coordinated to provide a complete merchandising package in support of the field staff's direct sales efforts.

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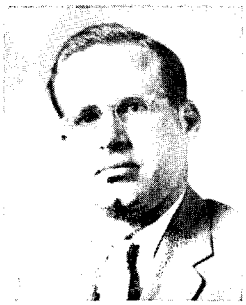

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DECLINING INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS

WITH MARK ETHRIDGE wringing his hands over the American press on the brink of financial ruin and with Jonathan Daniels throwing cabbages at the "fat cats" of the press, too "fat and proud" to cry sufficiently over the people's wrongs, it is apparent that the press *is* in trouble [*SR* Apr. 30]. What is wrong is left in some confusion.

To this armchair editor a peril far more serious than anything mentioned by either is the declining influence of newspapers. Opinions of those who "count" are their own, uniform and predictable. Aside from those who accountably get steamed up over issues on one side or the other, one person's opinion on, for example, the Oppenheimer case is a giveaway to his opinions on the United Nations, Chiang Kai-shek, the defense of Quemoy and Matsu, and the Dixon-Yates contract. Furthermore, his opinions pro or con have very little connection with anything appearing in the news. They are charged with high emotionalism and a very low regard for all who disagree with him. They don't need newspapers.

Where will it all end? I don't know. But I think people who are worrying why Johnny can't read should relax; it may be less important than they think. We got along for a good many centuries with no newspapers and very few books; we may do it again.

HENRY L. PAYTE.

Jersey City, N. J.

COMPETITION NEEDED

THE NEWSPAPERS have missed the boat. They have not changed with the changing times. Today we know the next day's news before we go to bed at night. What we need is more editorial comments and more analysis of the news. That is why columnists and the weekly news magazine have become so popular.

CHARLOTTE LINDE.

Arlington, Va.

MEANINGLESS RESEARCH

JOHN STEINBECK'S EDITORIAL "Plea to Teachers" [*SR* Apr. 30] seems to illustrate what may be an insidious change in the American concept of "research," applicable even beyond the high-school level. It used to be said that to copy one book was plagiarism, to copy two was compilation, and to copy three or more was research. Nowadays, it would appear, "research" is tending to be made a *substitute* for reading by some people. Perhaps the groundwork laid in the schools, as described by Steinbeck, is partly responsible.

SVEN AHMAN.

New York, N. Y.

PRICE OF GREATNESS

I PLEAD GUILTY. In my English classes today I collected character sketches, so John Steinbeck's delightful editorial "A Plea to Teachers" really makes me blush. To Mr. Steinbeck and all other authors molested by students, be they mine or someone else's, may I offer my apologies and sympathy for this intrusion on their privacy? But this is one of the prices one must pay for greatness.

BRYCE V. LAMBERT.

Deerfield, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"One more thing, Mr. Salk, what assurance do we have that your children will not become juvenile delinquents or a burden on the state?"

"AMEN" TO THE PLEA

I WOULD LIKE to add an "Amen" to John Steinbeck's "A Plea to Teachers." I've just completed my fourth questionnaire for this week. While this last one was just a check sheet it consumed time, and the others were many more pages. Unfortunately, a mimeograph answer sheet is not possible, as each questionnaire has a different angle.

MARGARET G. STRASSLER.

Key West, Fla.

MORE GUILTY

JOHN STEINBECK may be interested to know that the "sweet teachers of grammar and high schools" with whom he gently pleads are perhaps even more guilty than he imagines. Some of them must sic their students on celebrated writers either out of ignorance or sheer malice, for if the H. W. Wilson Company's sales records mean anything their own school libraries have biographical reference works which supply precisely the information the students are asked for.

JOHN JAMIESON,
The H. W. Wilson Co.

New York, N. Y.

RESTORATION OF GRUDGES

ON READING MARSHALL FISHWICK'S ARTICLE "Restoration Blues in Dixie" [*SR* Apr. 16] it has occurred to me that the restoration of Southern traditions is far more innocent than the restoration of old hates and grudges, which this article is calculated to do.

When, as a young woman, I left Kentucky and went to live in New York the antagonism between North and South seemed to have almost petered out. Occasionally a friend would ask me what I thought of the damn Yankees and I always replied that I had met lots and lots of Yankees and had looked every place for the *damn* one, but couldn't find him anywhere. Since the war the movement of Northern industries to the South has been greatly accelerated, and some Northerners just "can't take it." "Yankee greenbacks, redeemable at any Federal bank," have been pouring southward in a steady stream in spite of the sneers and tears of Northern critics. With this new prosperity the South is very naturally restoring her own gracious way of life instead of copying the ways and customs which have evolved in other parts of the country. Perhaps it is just as natural for Virginia boys to go fox hunting and ride in tournaments as it is for Brooklyn boys to play baseball. What is there to fight about in that?

ELIZABETH CLAY BLANFORD.

Orleans, Mass.

WELCOME RELIEF

THE ARTICLE "Restoration Blues in Dixie," by Marshall Fishwick, was one of the best things I have read in *SR*. It was a brilliant analysis and a welcome relief from the plethora of nonsense most of us have been fed in the press and movies about the South.

DAVID ANTMAN.

New York, N.Y.

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Ways to Best Communism

***"Political Warfare," by John Scott** (John Day Co. 256 pp. $3.75), offers an informed political correspondent's suggestions as to how we should counter the Communist menace. Professor E. Malcolm Carroll of Duke University, who reviews the book below, is the author of "Germany and the Great Powers."*

By E. Malcolm Carroll

JOHN SCOTT'S new book, "Political Warfare," is in the tradition of the foreign correspondents of the 1930s—H. R. Knickerbocker, the Mowrer brothers, and others—whose writings illuminated the major problem of their times, the menace of Fascism. There is, however, a most significant difference.

As Scott sees it, the gravest danger today is not overt Communist aggression, for he believes that the men of the Kremlin have never wanted and still do not want a general war. The real threat arises from the fierce and relentless *political* warfare that Soviet Russia has been waging for world rule for thirty-seven years.

How is the free world to survive and eventually create an acceptable regime in the immense reaches of the Soviet Empire? Not through a preventive war, Mr. Scott says: "One cannot prevent a war by starting one." Nor through appeasement: more than physical survival is at stake, for man's relations with his God and the State, in regard to which there is no room for compromise or neutrality, are involved. Not alone through psychological warfare: the numerous writings of enthusiastic practitioners of that craft have given rise to the mistaken idea that the final victory can be won if only the right words are directed at the right people at the right time. This book corrects this dangerous exaggeration of the power of propaganda. While the spoken and written word is important, diplomacy, economics, intelligence operations, and cultural activities all contribute to political warfare. Mr. Scott draws all of these facets together in brief, readable form for the first time.

Mr. Scott's long experience abroad and his vantage point in a key position in the *Time* and *Life* organization enable him, despite his lack of access to information in classified sources, to write realistically and, for the most part, sensibly on these matters. One might object to the way he relegates military affairs to an auxiliary role, since atomic weapons, mass armies, and air bases exert great political influence even if they are never used for war.

Although he is writing for the general public, John Scott has tailored neither his information nor his thinking to the current stereotypes of the Cold War. He believes it to be essential for the public as well as the Pentagon to know something about Soviet Russia's sources of strength.

While the statistics upon which his conclusions are based will not satisfy everyone, it is beyond dispute that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has made tremendous progress in industrial production, especially in the heavy industries, although at great cost in human misery. He accepts the claim that this increase is proceeding at a more rapid rate, percentagewise, than even in the United States. What this means in terms of the acquisition of technical skills has never been more graphically illustrated than in Mr. Scott's account of the transformation which he himself observed at Magnitogorsk in the 1930s of an illiterate Tatar named Shaimat into a fairly efficient artisan. He correctly sizes up what happened in this one instance—a greater change in a way of life was accomplished within five years than had occurred to all of Shaimat's ancestors since Tamerlane, but without a corresponding change in the moral man.

AS to the mechanics of political warfare, the author advises the most hair-raising stratagems. Stores of light arms, he writes, should be available at all times for immediate distribution behind the Iron Curtain, for use in a possible recurrence of the June 17, 1953 uprising in East Germany. Purges might be instigated by covert propaganda even in the heart of the Kremlin.

Although he advocates such dangerously provocative measures, Mr. Scott's long view is surprisingly and perhaps unrealistically optimistic. He foresees a movement toward a "Golden Mean" on all but the fundamental issues of religion and the rights of the individual, and he does not exclude the possibility of retreat in these respects under external pressure and internal difficulties.

There is, it must be said, an element of fantasy in his cloak-and-dagger proposals and in his excursion into the future, but it does not seriously detract from the value of his useful and interesting book.

"Here the world is going to hell in a basket and you sit there worrying about Dior's new A-line!"

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Purge for Power

"Face of a Victim," by Elizabeth Lermolo (Harper. 311 pp. $3.75), is a new first-hand account of aspects of the Great Purge of 1934 that made possible the consolidation of the present police state in the USSR. Here it is reviewed by Professor Sidney Harcave of Harpur College, author of "Russia, A History" and other books.

By Sidney Harcave

A NEWLY published personal narrative by Elizabeth Lermolo, the wife of a former officer in the Czarist army, provides a new version of episodes that are basic to an understanding and interpretation of the last two decades of Soviet history. "Face of a Victim," as her book is called, tells about the assassination of Sergei Kirov, on December 1, 1934, and its aftermath, the Great Purge. The consolidation of the present police state in Russia began during the various phases of this purge, some of which have never been completely and satisfactorily reported. If, as the Kremlin alleged, the murder of the heir presumptive to Stalin's post was part of a far-reaching conspiracy to destroy the regime, it may be concluded that the hardening of the repressive features of the system was the expected reaction of a one-party dictatorship to a threat. But if, as many now believe, the killing was the planned prologue of a bloody drama written and directed by Stalin for the purpose of eliminating all real and potential rivals and critics, it may be concluded that the establishment of personal power was the most significant, if not the only, aim of the regime.

To date, the great lack has been in trustworthy information; hypotheses have been plentiful, vital facts few. The many accounts by alumni of Soviet prison camps have left little doubt of the Government's ability to manufacture evidence at will, but there has been a need for "inside" information provided either by highly placed victims of the purge or by highly placed purgers. Alexander Orlov, an ex-NKVD chief, was among the first to offer such information in regard to Kirov's death. His account, published in 1953, is one of the most detailed available; but its usefulness is limited by the fact that it is based largely on what he was told rather than on what he saw and did.

Mrs. Lermolo was an eye-witness of and a participant in many aspects of the Kirov case. As such she has a special claim to attention. In "Face

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George Platt-Lynes

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of a Victim" she describes dramatically her arrest on the ground that she was acquainted with the assassin Nikolayev, her interrogation first by Stalin and later by lesser lights, her refusal to sign a false bill of particulars, and her eight-year tour of incarceration in the special type of prisons known as political isolators. If her narrative did nothing more it would teach the reader a great deal about the Soviet conception of "legality."

Although the book contains only a little about the Kirov case itself, it does offer certain details intimately connected with it, details that the author had to glean from hearsay, just as Orlov had to glean his. En route to and in the political isolators Mrs. Lermolo conversed with many who, as victims or victimizers, figured importantly in the case and therefore became fellow prisoners. From them she learned enough to cause her to give up her original picture of Nikolayev as a slightly deranged young man who had shot Kirov for personal reasons and to see him as the unsuspecting instrument of Stalin's lust for power.

Her informants were in a position, as were those of Orlov, to know most of the relevant facts. Mrs. Lermolo and Orlov did not recall the same details about all incidents related. Despite the differences, however, it is important to note that both agree on many major points and both see the Kirov killing as a Stalin-engineered episode.

In general Mrs. Lermolo complements Orlov to a significant degree; but two hearsay reports do not equal one factual account. More solid evidence than is now at hand must be found before the riddle of Kirov's death is finally unraveled. Perhaps we shall never know more than we do now. If such be the case, "Face of a Victim" will be one of the two or three most important sources upon which to base a verdict. In any case, the book is valuable as a well written presentation of personal experiences and of a hypothesis that demands consideration.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1103)
MEMOIRS OF
CATHERINE THE GREAT
(Edited by DOMINIQUE MAROGER)

The Grand Duke I cannot say that I either liked or disliked. I believe that the Crown of Russia attracted me more than his person. He was sixteen, quite good-looking before the pox, but small and infantile, talking of nothing but soldiers and toys.

LIVES AND TIMES

Fists Over Misfortune

"Somebody Up There Likes Me," by Rocky Graziano, with the help of Rowland Barber *(Simon & Schuster. 375 pp. $3.95), is the autobiography of an East Side hoodlum who fought his way up through the fight ring to respectability.*

By James Kelly

MESSRS. Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Dickens (he for a literary reason) would have lined up with the critics who have been fascinated by "Somebody Up There Likes Me." Why? Because at last we have an answer to the Body vs. Mind controversy. It is *specialization* by two people: one (Rocky Graziano) to supply the body and do the living; another (Rowland Barber) to handle the mental part and file a report. This blood-soaked "autobiography" of a fist-happy East Side hoodlum whose right hand was good enough to see him through three stretches in reform school, four man-size prisons, the middleweight championship of the world, and a dividend career as television comedian and family man sets up a literary landmark. Eminent fictioneers such as Dickens on poverty and prisons, Lardner on boxing, Burnett on gangster mores and seamy politicians, and Spillane on Hammerheaded violence are made to look pretty pallid beside the real thing.

Using two sets of eyes and ears, we now get a good view of the world from the bottom of the cage. What it's like to be permanently on the lam from truant officers, probation officers, goons, cops, and a population of creeps too stupid to be anything but legitimate. What it's like to live with a drunken father and deranged mother in straits where the tough kid Rocco must start each day by stealing fuel and food. What it's like to hit first or get hit first, needing to be the toughest, needing most of all the sweet music of "Come on, Rocky!" We listen: "I'm like a pistol loaded and cocked. . . . Anybody hurts me gets busted in two and dumped in his own blood." A cop looks down: "This neighborhood won't be any good until you're dead, you wild, no-good little greaseball. I look in your eyes and I see the devil himself." And we believe.

Where mobsters and fighters are concerned Mr. Barber supplies his intuition of essence backstopped by Mr. Graziano's words, action, and (if you will) music. What emerges is a slice of recent social history, a portrait where the rawest colors barely do justice to the subject. Certainly the embroidery shows through, but the reader can be grateful for it. If our Tough Guy, in his sustained bravado and bluster, sometimes sounds like a Walter Mitty with muscles nobody should be surprised. That's what he is. The principal characters are headed for Sing Sing, the electric chair, a messy sidewalk death—or (a minority) Madison Square Garden. The pinhead philosophy, zoot-suit morality, and abysmal ignorance of this punk set are both indictment and tribute for a system which produces and digests its members.

THE story opens as Rocky is about to catch Sugar Ray Robinson's right to the jaw, the blast which rings down the curtain on his fight career. It was a long road to here: the bare-knuckle street and prison fights, the countless amateur bouts, the three bloody title brawls with Tony Zale, the workouts with rubber hose and billy. Stealing. Steaming. Bullying. Rocky drafted and sent to Fort Dix, the most naive private soldier in history. He flattens a corporal who asks him to pick up a cigarette butt, knocks over a captain who chews him out, goes AWOL, really earns his way to a dungeon at Governor's Island, a dishonorable discharge, a year at Leavenworth. Ironically, it was the "thinking year" at Leavenworth that turned the corner for this twenty-two-year-old and made him decide to go straight. After being sprung he became an ambitious fighter and husband (Rocky's romance with his sister's friend is one of the most poignant and satisfying notes on turbulent young love to come along in quite a while). And, except for one publicized final brush with the D.A.'s office and the New York State Boxing Commission over an alleged bribe, Rocky has stayed on the side of law, *order, and Martha Raye ever since.*

This is a book for any reader looking for action, with some good sports photographs included. But anybody who likes to see a human being fighting upward will enjoy it, too.

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Many-Sided Man

"Humboldt: The Life and Times of Alexander von Humboldt," by Helmut de Terra *(Alfred A. Knopf. 386 pp. $5.75), is a full biography of the nineteenth-century German baron who made invaluable contributions to the whole range of the natural sciences. Here it is reviewed by C. W. Ceram, author of "Gods, Graves, and Scholars."*

By C. W. Ceram

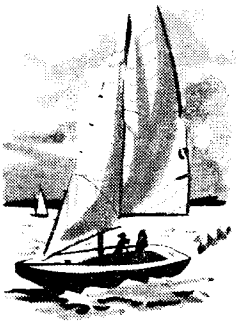
FEW men have contributed more to the sum of our knowledge than the early nineteenth-century's Alexander von Humboldt. The ninety years of this German baron's life were packed with intellectual and physical adventure. Although today he is most widely known by the geographic localities named after him—the most familiar among the two dozen in the Western hemisphere being the Humboldt Current off the Pacific Coast of South America—his pioneering ranged the entire spectrum of the natural sciences, with social reform and international diplomacy thrown in for good measure. But his crowning achievement was the five-volume work, entitled "Cosmos," in which he successfully sought to coordinate all of the knowledge of his time under a single philosophical-scientific point of view.

From early manhood Humboldt devoted himself to the unexplored. The determination to seek in the field the phenomena which he was later to explain was born in him in the course of a tour of Western Europe in the company of Georg Forster, the then noted explorer who had accompanied James Cook on his second voyage. Within a few years Goethe, who had been a friend of the Humboldt family, sought a meeting with the remarkable young man. The poet-naturalist was impressed by the fact that Humboldt in his middle twenties had already made contributions of value to geology, biology, zoology, ethnology, and geography. Goethe's own researches into cosmic harmony inspired young Humboldt to accomplish a fusion of pure and natural science.

Humboldt's first major exploration took him to South America in 1801, where he journeyed into the interior to the source of the Orinoco, thence in 1802 to the West Coast, scaling Chimborazo en route, to Peru. The year 1803 found him ranging through Mexico, and the year following in the United States (where he became a close friend of Jefferson) en route home to Berlin. He moved to Paris within a few months, where he wrote and published his major works about the Americas which made of him a world-renowned figure. Almost to the day of his death at the age of ninety he participated actively in the affairs of Europe.

It is obvious that so extraordinary a man who lived so extraordinary a life requires an extraordinary biographer. Helmut de Terra accepted the challenge. In his own many-faceted interests he is a heritor of the Humboldtian spirit: de Terra is geologist and anthropologist, traveler and explorer. More than once has he crossed some of the remote trails in distant parts of the world which Humboldt had pioneered so many decades ago. Now a research associate in geology at Columbia University, the author of "Humboldt" is an American of German birth who has published works about Stone Age Man in China, about the Ice Age in India, and about Tepexpan Man. He was the geologist of the German-Swiss Central Asian Expedition to Kunlun and Karakorum. So far as his collection and pres-

(Continued on page 48)



LITERARY VALET TO ENGLAND'S CONSORT

THEY say that no man is a hero to his valet, and the Duke of Edinburgh seems to have fared no better than any other man in this way. The Duke's former valet, one John Dean, has published a book called **"Prince Philip"** *(Holt, $3.50) in which the Queen's husband comes out at times as a rather indignant—even rather caustic—fellow. Here, for example, are some valet's-eye views of the prince:*

ON HIS APPEARANCE: Unlike most men, Prince Philip is not vain about his hair, though the regrettable truth is that it is getting very thin. He has to have it combed just right to cover the baldness at the back (the bald spot is probably from the impact of his service cap, worn for so long).

ON HIS PERSONALITY: I . . . discovered that he could swear, a talent developed, no doubt, during his naval service. He exercised it most often to the four winds of a blasted heath, when shooting, a sport of which he was fond.

. . . I was able to tell what sort of mood he would be in by the way he woke in the morning. If he was going to be in good humor he would always say, "Good morning, John," as I walked across the room to draw the curtains. If not he would grunt and turn over and not want to be disturbed. But to do him justice, he was usually a cheerful riser, leaping out of bed and discarding his plain-colored pajamas to take a hurried tub.

ON HIS WARDROBE: The only clothing Prince Philip was particular about was his uniforms. He had three and looked very smart in them. But (while he was courting Princess Elizabeth) the rest of his wardrobe reflected his very casual taste. He had only one lounge suit—gray—to his name and much preferred to knock around in blazer flannels. His only other change of clothing, apart from evening wear, was a shooting suit with knickerbocker trousers and sixteen pockets. . . . His underwear was monotonous, quite a few white naval shirts and a few sets of white open-weave underpants. His socks were full of darns and his shoes were worn.

ON HIS HUMOR: Sometimes I found his jokes embarrassing. Once, when there was a state banquet at the Palace, Bobo MacDonald (a maid) said to me, "John, you must come downstairs to see the Royals going to dinner." They were, of course, in all their finery, and she knew of my interest in dress and jewelry. When we reached the corridor where the Royal party would pass, I found I was the only man present. All the other watchers, except the page and footmen on duty, were maids. . . . But before I could retreat, the King and Queen and Queen Mary and the rest of the Royal party approached along the corridor. The King and Queen stopped close by to talk to Princess Margaret's nurse (she had just had measles), and then the Duke approached. When he saw me he said: "Well! How nice of you, John, to come down and see us. But next time you should wear a skirt. You won't feel so out of place!" You can imagine what I felt like.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A FRANK MARRIEDWELL STORY

WHEN "**Damn Yankees**" is sticking to baseball it is an unbelievably good musical comedy. When it is not it is pretty much bush-league. Written by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop after the latter's slight novel, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," it focuses on Joe Boyd, a fifty-year-old married baseball fan whose team, the Washington Senators, hasn't won a pennant in twenty-five years. This constant frustration of Joe's vicarious hopes plus the humdrum nature of his existence has made him irritable. Suddenly, in strolls the devil, alias a Red Barberish-looking character named Applegate. In exchange for his soul Applegate offers Boyd the opportunity to change into Joe Hardy, a long-ball-hitting sensation who can spark the Senators out of the second division and into the World Series. Boyd accepts, but insists on an escape clause in the contract (how much this one switch tells us about the difference between Dr. Faustus's age and our own!). The moment of transition from the tired weak-voiced Joe Boyd to the young powerful Joe Hardy is tremendously effective.

Even more glorious is the next scene, which features three crushed Senator ballplayers and their manager singing what should become a comedy classic for all locker-room quartettes, "We've got HEART." Then, this scene is topped by the moment in front of the dugout when the incredulous Washington players watch Joe Hardy try out for the team. The gleeful romp that ensues is a masterpiece of satire with special thematic use being made of the ballplayers' mincing swagger. So far, so good. And now comes a new plot twist named Lola. Whatever arbitrariness there is in her introduction into the story is forgiven by the fact that she is played by the red-haired soubrette Gwen Verdon. Her first slyly seductive number, "A Little Brains—A Little Talent, with Emphasis on the Latter," foreshadows coming events. For, two songs later, Miss Verdon mimics a Georgia Sothern-type striptease which places considerable emphasis on the latter. But, because her personality is essentially friendly and funny, Miss Verdon is at her best in a mock-mambo performed from under the lid of a pulled down straw hat with the personable Eddie Phillips as her partner.

In addition, there is a delightfully droll second-act opening in which the ballplayers discuss the girls they have let slip away, because at the moment when a delicious opportunity presented itself they "thought about the game."

Unfortunately, a good part of the show is relatively inert, and tunemakers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross have failed to come up with a strong score to bolster their fine comedy numbers. Whenever Joe becomes concerned with the "dear old girl" he has deserted for baseball the show becomes empty. Ray Walston is a wonderfully unaffected Devil who disdains ballet antics. He has one wonderful moment in which he replies to an autograph hound's question, "Are you *anybody?*" with a scornful, "Not a soul." Yet a great deal of his material seems a painfully ordinary variation of the same old Mephistophelean joke.

Despite these metaphorical "bases on balls," "Damn Yankees" gets itself out of trouble with George Abbott's blazing fast ball, Bob Fosse's screwball choreographic relief, the superb double-play combination of scene-designers William and Jean Eckart, whose dugout set is the best musical-comedy scenery of the year, and, of course, an occasional low curve from "the young redhead."

* * *

If "Damn Yankees" makes the ball fan's dream of glory come true, so does Roald Dahl's new comedy, "**The Honeys,**" provide a sumptuous repast of wish-fulfilment for every rooster-pecked wife. However, this is about all the author has to serve, and the moments when Hume Cronyn is offstage changing his make-up from the miserly shuffleboarding Mr. Honey to his gluttonous and snide twin brother are neither distinguished nor very funny. Jessica Tandy seems miscast as the mousy wife, and Dorothy Stickney seems able to use only a small part of her talents as the other more callous mate. However, Mr. Cronyn's wry portrayals of the two curmudgeons are so beautifully drawn that we rejoice when things go agley and each must be remurdered. Mr. Cronyn proves that "The Honeys" can be Actors' Delight when played on the level of pure farce.

—HENRY HEWES.

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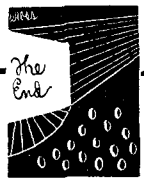

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

ASTAIRE, ADVENTURE, AND THE A-BOMB

THERE are few film stars more perfect in their art, more delight- to watch, or easier to admire than Fred Astaire. He never really acts. He doesn't have to. That self-deprecatory grin he generally wears translates immediately its perplexity, chagrin, or a stammering declaration of love. It's the things his body does that are so extraordinary. As he slopes along with his jaunty, springy step he seems eternally poised on the verge of a dance. The self-conscious gestures that accompany his words come out almost apologetically, as if they had not yet been formulated into a complete ballet. Every movement, every action is charged with an electric grace and precision. He can't pick up a hat, ring for an elevator, answer a telephone without communicating a tremendous sense of joy and vitality. Movement to Astaire is as natural, as spontaneous as breathing—and movement is what the movies live upon. It would be foolish to describe him as a natural-born actor; essentially he is the ideal film personality, and as such even more rare.

"Daddy Long Legs" (20th Century-Fox) gives Astaire one of his best opportunities in ages to display both his peculiar charm and his dancing skill. Its spun-sugar story of an aging millionaire and his anonymous philanthropy for an appealing teen-age orphan has been cannily tailored by Phoebe and Harry Ephron to fit him in every respect. And with winsome Leslie Caron cast as the orphan, Astaire has a dancing partner wholly worthy of his talent. Their numbers together—notably an adroit "Guardian Angel" ballet and a gay, imaginative whirl through the New York nightclubs—rank with the best things he has ever done.

* * *

There is dancing too, but of quite a different order, in a handsome new travel film on South America, **"Green Magic"** (IFE). Taken by the Italian explorer-adventurer Count Leonardo Bonzi in the course of a six-month motor trip through Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, and Peru, it includes a weird Afro-Indian *macumba* —a voodoo ritual dance that achieves its climax in tumultuous mass-hysteria—and a fascinating Peruvian wedding ceremonial dance, a curious blending of stately Indian steps and whirling Spanish fandango. But the photographers on the Bonzi expedition by no means confine their attention to simply the picturesque. At one point they pause to observe the fight to the death between two monster snakes, another time they cover the crossing of a herd of cattle through a swift stream infested with *piranhas*—a crossing made possible only by the horrifying sacrifice of a live steer to the bloodthirsty fish. All in all, however, "Green Magic" stands as one of the most beautiful and authentic travel films ever shown theatrically.

* * *

In **"Hiroshima"** (Continental) we are able, for the first time in this country, to obtain a glimpse of Japanese film makers at work on a contemporary theme. And if this picture is at all indicative the current renaissance of Japan's film industry is not confined exclusively to the *jidai-geki,* the period pieces. "Hiroshima," while lacking the artistic balance and sureness that characterized the great works we have already seen, shares with them their intensity of mood and emotion. It would be difficult for a film on this grave theme not to. It begins on August 5, 1945—the day before the first atomic bomb was dropped upon that ill-fated city. Stock footage integrated with enacted sequences shows the people at work, at home, in school.

All of this is told dispassionately, without protest, without sensationalism, without cheap appeals for pity. In fact, the film's sole note of overt criticism is directed against the Japanese military—first for its brutal discipline of civilians, and then for its refusal to adopt effective anti-radiation measures for fear of alarming the populace. It ends with a prayer, in which surely all of us can join, that the horror visited on Hiroshima will never occur again anywhere. For when we have understood the effects of such a bomb not as abstract statistics, but in the agonies of flesh and blood, further recourse to atomic warfare becomes inconceivable. It is that spirit which animates this shocking film. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 17, 10, 1, 2, 9, 16, 18, 11, 3, 20, 8, 19, 15, 4, 7, 12, 5, 14, 13, 6.

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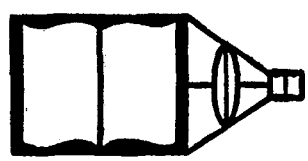

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TV AND RADIO

CONDITIONAL OPTIMISM: CHILDREN

A RECENT monitoring study by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters indicated that New York stations devote only 11 per cent, and New Haven stations 7.5 per cent, of the broadcast schedule which falls within children's viewing time to programs for children. The same survey showed that 34.9 per cent of dramatic programs in New Haven and 41.7 per cent in New York City are based on "crime" story lines, while 79 per cent of children's dramatic shows in New Haven and 61.3 per cent of children's drama in New York City have cowboys and the Wild West as themes. Adventure and historical drama provided story lines for 15.8 per cent of children's dramatic shows in New Haven, and 10 per cent of children's programs in New York.

Do children have specific desires as to what they would like to see on TV? The answer is that they do, and—what is more—they *want* good programs. Researcher Paul Witty reports that 300 nine- to twelve-year-olds whom he questioned asked for "more on-the-spot newscasts, more demonstrations of crafts, and more local interest shows." In another study the youngsters expressed interest in "more dramatic, scientific, social study, and current events programs."

The NARTB reported that nine- to twelve-year-olds want more programs on the following subjects: (a) great moments in history; (b) well-known children's stories; (c) stories of great heroes; (d) stories in science.

A commentary published by Mrs. Alice Goddard of the National Council of Churches observed that "those who work with children know that boys and girls *want to learn*. . . . The number of educational and informational programs is appallingly small when measured against the romance and adventure in science, history, and literature, and the exciting materials in everyday life in the world of the young child."

However, it may surprise some that this writer feels that he is a conditional optimist. A number of superb programs which reflect good taste, good judgment, and sometimes great showmanship have been scheduled during recent months and are enjoying top ratings from one end of the country to the other. Unchallenged champion of the juvenile airways is, of course, "Disneyland," which made its debut on the ABC television network last October and has since that time become a Wednesday evening fixture in some 40,000,000 homes from Maine to Oregon.

Paul Tripp's "Junior Omnibus," "On the Carousel," and "Winky Dink" are prizewinning CBS shows which are produced wholly in the public interest and have won wide acclaim. Both the former are for older children, but adults enjoy them in large numbers. For the toddlers and waddlers NBC's great and famous "Ding Dong School" is in a class by itself. The network's Sunday afternoon "Zoo Parade" has become an American institution almost as secure as the juke box and blue jeans. For variety entertainment the same network has won laurels for "Children's Hour," which the inimitable Ed Herlihy has helped transform into a real tradition on Sunday mornings.

"YOU Are There," which dramatizes historical events for thousands of viewers on CBS, is the classic in its field for children of all ages, from eight to eighty. "Let's Take a Trip," a new CBS Sunday afternoon network program for the young in heart, takes viewers to normally inaccessible places, educating while it entertains. The format was devised after months of study and research, and fills a need in children's programming. It has already been acclaimed by educators all over the country. "Tinker's Workshop," which shows moppets how to do things with tools, and the "Rin Tin Tin" telefilm series make fine showing for kids and nostalgic viewing for grown-ups. The list of excellent children's programs is long and growing longer. Television needs less of crime movies, soap operas, and inept stunt shows and more of "Let's Take a Trip" and "Peter Pan." It is reassuring to be able to report that both NBC and CBS have task forces actively engaged in studying how to improve programming in general, and children's programs in particular.

Jack Gould's commentary in *The New York Times* on April 24, 1955, sums up the matter.

> . . . Television is being driven into competition in terms of quality, not quantity. There's a long, long road ahead, but at least the omens for the future are better than they have been . . .
>
> It's much too early to throw any hats in the air, but there is reason for cautious optimism.
>
> —ARTHUR SETTEL.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OUR INTERROGATORY AUTHORS

Below are twenty titles (of novels, collections of essays, plays, tracts for the times) all of which end in question marks. You are asked to assign the proper titles to the proper authors. If you identify twelve or fewer, raise your eyebrows; if from thirteen through seventeen, lower same; if from eighteen up, no questions asked. Answers on page 45.

1. "After 1903—What?" ( ) Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
2. "Can Such Things Be?" ( ) J. M. Barrie
3. "How's Your Bridge Game?" ( ) Robert Benchley
4. "Is Free Trade Alive or Dead?" ( ) Ambrose Bierce
5. "Is He Popinjoy?" ( ) Lewis Carroll
6. "Is Sex Necessary?" ( ) Ring Lardner
7. "The Lady, or the Tiger?" ( ) Bulwer Lytton
8. "The Quick or the Dead?" ( ) Henry Miller
9. "Rhyme? and Reason?" ( ) Florence Osborn
10. "Shall We Join the Ladies?" ( ) Mary Pickford
11. "What Are You Going to Do about Alf?" ( ) Amélie Rives
12. "What Did It Mean?" ( ) Franklin D. Roosevelt
13. "What Is American Literature?" ( ) Budd Schulberg
14. "What Is Man?" ( ) G. Bernard Shaw
15. "What Makes Sammy Run?" ( ) Frank R. Stockton
16. "What of it?" ( ) Angela Thirkell
17. "What Price Glory?" ( ) Anthony Trollope
18. "What Will He Do With It?" ( ) Mark Twain
19. "Whither Bound?" ( ) Carl Van Doren
20. "Why Not Try God?" ( ) E. B. White and James Thurber

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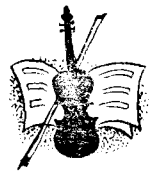

MUSIC TO MY EARS

FISCHER-DIESKAU AND GERALD MOORE

INASMUCH as Gerald Moore, the British specialist in the art of accompaniment, had shown his ability to fill Town Hall on his own last fall, it was hardly surprising to find a houseful of listeners on hand when he returned to participate in the first New York appearance of baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. When they appeared together the tallish, good-looking Fischer-Dieskau and the shortish, amply-proportioned Moore reminded one of another tall and short partnership—Heinrich Schlusnus and Franz Rupp.

However, Fischer-Dieskau has not yet attained the artistic elevation of a Schlusnus, and the smaller physical gap between the new partners was in a way a measurement of their respective artistic abilities. Presumably it was the baritone's decision to devote the whole of this introductory program to Schubert's "Die Winterreise"; but it was a decision that spoke more for his courage than his wisdom. As in his well-regarded but hardly overwhelming recording of the sister cycle by Schubert ("Die Schoene Muellerin") there remains a short but measurable span between intent and accomplishment, a sense of striving without entire fulfilment.

The two performers were, understandably, somewhat tense and emotionally dry in the opening "Gute Nacht," which has to be sung as if the performer were looking back on a long day of sorrow rather than facing an evening of exhilaration and tension. Fischer-Dieskau has, in abundant measure, the professionalism to cover the more palpable agitations and tremors of such an event in such surroundings; but hardly as yet the implacable inner control to seize the mood and communicate the expression of such music from the moment he first draws a paid breath.

Mention might also be made of the limitations in the voice itself, which is supple and more than pleasant-sounding in the softer passages, occasionally full and vibrant in forte (depending on the comfort the singer feels in a given range), almost consistently strained and without impact in fortissimo. The scale is very well smoothed out, without unpleasant breaks of timbre, and the pitch is wonderfully secure at all times. It need hardly be added that Fischer-Dieskau is, at thirty-two, a first-rate musician, and a singer of virtually infallible taste.

Taken together, these attributes are but the beginning of the requirements for such a trial of artistry as "Die Winterreise." His delivery of the texts drew admiring comments from various reviewers, and there were lavish compliments bearing on his ability to tell a story in song. It was here, however, that this performance seemed to me most at fault. There were, indeed, fine performances of individual songs—such as "Der Lindenbaum" or "Rueckblick," but no great sense of conviction in the sequence *between* embracing "Wasserflut" and "Auf dem Flusse." There was, also, a poetic aura in some of the bleaker songs later in the cycle ("Die Kraehe," "Im Dorfe," etc.) but not the contrast that would have been provided by effective performances of the more dramatic ones.

Fischer-Dieskau is a singer of much present capacity and considerable future promise who, for my taste, overmatched himself in choosing such an exacting test for his New York debut. A miscellaneous program would have conveyed less *eclat,* perhaps, but it would have touched on more facets of the gifted singer's capabilities. At the risk of seeming to be wholly out of tune with the values involved, I may add that Moore did not sound to be his usual self in this situation, performing with all competence but with not quite the variety of sound, the flexibility of mood expected.

* * *

Somewhat belatedly, but yet within a time-space to make an expression of opinion welcome (I hope), congratulations may be extended to the Metropolitan Opera Association's board of directors for voting another three-year expression of confidence in its director, Rudolf Bing. This assures him a third span of three-years after next season, or—if the addition is correct—through the season of 1958.

New York has learned a good deal about Rudolf Bing in the last five years, and it is not presumptious to assume that Bing has learned a lot about New York and America in that time also. If our taste is not as good as he hoped, it is, perhaps, not as bad as he has, on some occasions, feared; and the least that can be assumed in this congratulatory mood is that the reaction to his good things has led him on to do better, and the rejection of some he thought good has not discouraged him from trying again.

As an administrator, Bing has been energetic, without stint of personal effort; as a producer, he has been adventurous and more often than not judicious. To make the unwieldy stage and the unsightly sight lines of the Metropolitan the scene of exciting theatricalism would try the ingenuity —and no doubt, the patience—of a Reinhardt. That Bing has, nevertheless, added to the theatrical experience of New Yorkers such admirable accomplishments as "Don Carlo," "Fledermaus," "Forza del Destino," "Il Barbiere," "Cosi fan tutte," the fine "Alceste" with Flagstad, the handsome "Rigoletto" designed by Berman, and the atmospheric "Arabella" is evidence of a willingness to work against odds which has produced good, if slightly less admirable, results in "Carmen," "Boheme," "Tannhäuser," the improvised "Boris," "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," etc.

In almost all the traditional opera houses of the world—Covent Garden, La Scala, Paris—the odds are stacked in a staggering disadvantage against results impressive to an audience conditioned to three-D movies, the swift transition of effect on TV, the revolving stages, scrims, and projected scenery of the legitimate theatre. For it is, after all, with the same eyes that we, the contemporary audience, look at the Met's, or the City Center's, or the Chicago Lyric's, or the San Francisco's productions. To maintain, in the face of such uninviting prospects, an attitude of affirmative purpose and determined innovation is the mark of a man committed to the elusive ideal of believable, enjoyable opera.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Grief

By Doris Dana

GRIEF is a dry wind
that blows from the stalk
the humid flower;
crumbles to dust and ash
and rubble land
the fragrant hour.

Grief is a hard wind
that charges the proud
green-bannered corn;
strafes the dry husks
that bend to the sky
like a ragged battalion
coming home.

Grief is a quiet wind
that moves on the shore
and in leafless land,
mounting dune on dune,
plants thistle and stone
with patient hand.

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Lives and Times

Continued from page 43

entation of the mass of material—widely scattered in private and public archives of both hemispheres—is concerned, Terra has met the challenge in exemplary fashion.

Yet the book has a serious fault. I have never before read a biography which reveals so little of the author's feeling about his hero. A reader, it seems to me, ought to be able to see that the author has struggled with his subject as Jacob wrestled with the angel.

This biography is smooth, too smooth, overdressed, excessively polished—so highly polished that one fears to touch it. Perhaps an editorial pencil has contributed too much perfection, eliminating all that is human, all the emotional moments between author and subject, the heights and the depths, the convulsions and the struggles. The reader encounters no obstacles—he can skate through the book as over smooth ice. But can the life of an Alexander von Humboldt be portrayed as a straight line or a mathematically exact curve? The life of so astounding a man as Humboldt must be felt emerging from his biography, otherwise the biography is not a life but merely a case history. I wish I could have read the manuscript of this book just as the author wrote it after years of agonized struggle with the individuality and the intellectual adventures of his subject.

Despite this reservation Helmut de Terra's book must be welcomed as a highly informative and creative work.

Notes

WINSTON'S SHADOW: Back in 1921 Inspector Walter Henry Thompson of Scotland Yard was assigned to protect Winston Churchill, then England's forty-six-year-old First Lord of the Admiralty. Intermittently through the years, and during World War II when Churchill was in charge of a nation, Inspector Thompson was in charge of *him*. He tells of this exacting job in **"Assignment: Churchill"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75). Several times the Scotland Yard man had to shout at the Prime Minister, on whom the nearness of danger acted like benzedrine. But in Thompson's mind at such moments (and presumably in Churchill's) was the knowledge that the only time he let his charge override his judgment the charge was hit by a taxi—in New York, in 1931. For the rest Churchill was "casually tyrannical, impatient but never impolite." Collectors of Churchilliana will find much more here: that painting with Winston is "a disease, not a hobby" and that while painting he hums; that he loves ornate dressing gowns and during the war always wore one when he let off steam by marching around the main hall of Chequers barking military orders while martial music blared from the radio; and that "everyone shouts things at Winston Churchill. Bus drivers stop, lean from cars, and give him advice. Children pluck at his sleeve." Inspector Thompson stayed with Churchill until what is perhaps the latter's finest hour: when after addressing Parliament at war's end he refused to get in a closed car and first tried walking between two slowly moving cars as protection from the wildly enthusiastic crowds; finding this impossible, he clambered atop one car, to sit with legs dangling, a smiling, cigar-smoking cherub. At that point Inspector Thompson decided he'd had it all, and put in his papers. He writes in observant, matter-of-fact, police-officer fashion.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

G. WASHINGTON'S PORTRAITIST: The face of George Washington known best to most of the world is one of three executed by the leading portraitist of his day. The life of **"Gilbert Stuart"** is told by James Thomas Flexner in a new addition to Alfred A. Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series ($2.50). How well the Athenaeum portrait (the one on the postage stamp showing the left side of the face) resembled the President is a question, but it was immensely popular in its day. Stuart kept the canvas all his life and sold more than seventy copies of it (he could make a copy in two hours) to stave off his creditors. Stuart was a truly prodigious man: He lived extravagantly, drank inordinately, quarreled excessively, conversed outrageously (in puns when he could), and painted masterfully and prodigally.

His portraits—and he produced more than one thousand of them—are significant because they broke away from the tradition of gentility and idealization; Stuart, who suffered almost no one gladly, painted people as he saw them, warts and all, with skilled penetration to their inner characters. To compress so complex a person as Stuart into a short biography is no easy task, yet Mr. Flexner has done a good job. He captures the essence of the man, warts and all; indeed, the balance in this book is, if anything, a little too much on the side of the warts. But withal an excellent introduction to a justly celebrated American.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

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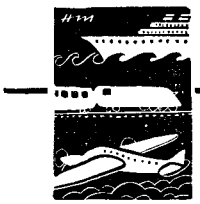

I REMEMBER MARMARA

Take me back to Constantinople!
No! You can't go back to Constantinople!
Now it's Istanbul, not Constantinople!
Why did Constantinople get the works?
*That's nobody's business but the Turks'!**

—POPULAR SONG.

ISTANBUL.

ANYBODY having trouble talking turkey here in Turkey will get immense help from a screwdriver. A screwdriver, hereabouts, is a mixture of vodka and orange juice which everyone drinks because a *viski soda* costs $2.86. To say it the local way you call for a *skrudrayr,* which is more or less how you pronounce it after you've had one. Those who are allergic to orange juice especially when mixed with buzz-bomb fluid can try a *votka fiz,* an *aleksandra,* or a *şeri kobler.* The "s" has a worm growing underneath which indicates it should be pronounced "sh" as in *soför,* a man who drives an *otomobil.*

Near teetotalers could get away with a *vermut soda,* and total teetotalers may order a plain *limonata* or even a cup of Turkish coffee. The coffee is served in a thimble-sized cup half filled with coffee and half with grounds, and tastes like boiled topsoil. It is customary to serve it with a glass of water to wash down the sludge. In its heyday the Ottoman Empire spread Turkish influence in all directions, and it is now possible to get boiled topsoil from the Barbary Coast to the borders of the Sudan.

To get from one place to another one calls a *taksi.* It should be borne in mind that *taksi* drivers are not merely *soförs,* but also bankers. They will exchange Turkish liras at five to one when the banks allow no more than the official rate, $2.80 to one. This makes the cabbies infinitely more popular than the banks, and since there seems to be a bank every other yard I would only presume that these emporia deal mainly in domestic accounts of *liras* and *kurus,* pronounced *kurush.*

Every once in a while you do see a familiar sign hanging on commercial premises which are not banks. For example, there are the gas stations known as Sokoni-Vakum and the travel agency known as Vagonli Kook which you might recognize as Wagon-Lits Cook. In deciphering this means of phonetic spelling—which was instituted by Ataturk in his Westernization program of the Twenties—it is important not to become overconfident. I came to discover that Turizm Danisma does not mean Danish Tourist Office, but tourist information.

There is little doubt that the opening in June of the Istanbul Hilton on a site overlooking the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmara will make an immense change in the tourist life of a city which has hitherto existed on the Park Hotel, a creaky, dismal, circus-tent of spies, monocled eyes, *femmes fatales,* and the odor of Melechrinos. While the new American addition's rectangular, balconied exterior resembles the Caribé in San Juan, the Istanbul hotel is by far the most imaginative, most exciting of Hilton's international efforts to date. Flowerbeds and reflection pools, fanciful murals and colorful décor incorporate the local mosque-and-sultan atmosphere with modern necessities. Glass screens will protect the outdoor terraces from winds off the straits, and the inhabitants of the Black Sea and Marmara Suites will have a bedroom view of Uskudar, a town in Asia across the way.

THERE are few waterfronts more exciting than Istanbul's, with the route leading in from the Sea of Marmara, past the neck of water known as the Golden Horn spanned by bridges, the bridges teeming with dark-eyed, dark-mustached Turks in their oversized caps. Ferries hoot on their way across to Asia, liners slip gently along the mosque-and-minaret bordered Bosporus that leads in a few minutes' sail to the submarine nets that close off the Black Sea, gateway to Odessa. And through the teeming waters come the gigs of the American battlewagons, steered by sailors in life jackets, clang-clanging their way past the fishermen and the freighters.

Most tourists visit the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, built during high-water mark of the Ottoman Empire in the sixteenth century. Outside it the pious sit on small stone

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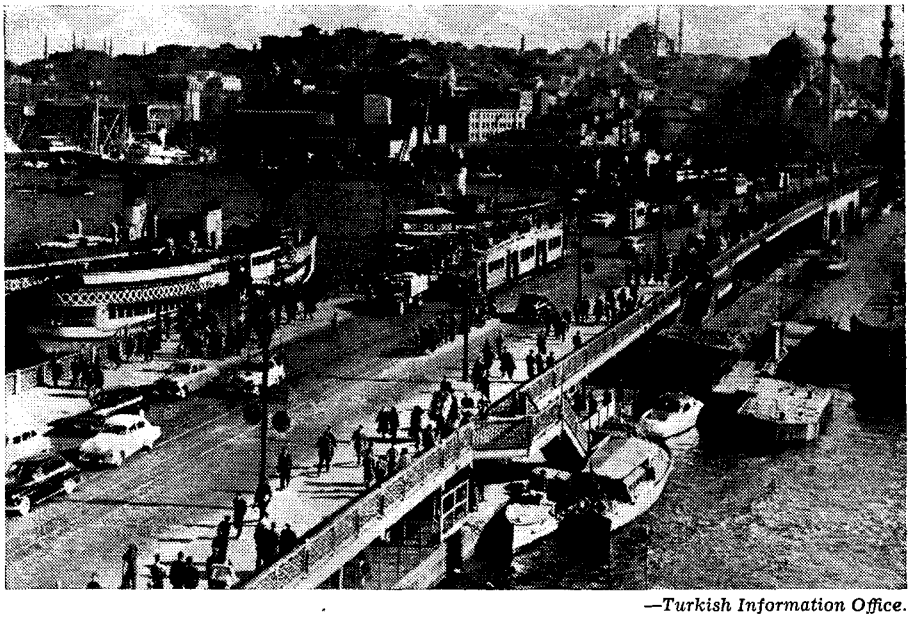

—Turkish Information Office.

"There are few waterfronts more exciting than Istanbul's . . . the bridges teeming with dark-eyed, dark-mustached Turks . . ."

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blocks and from individual faucets perform their ablutions, washing feet, hands, and face and touching a drop of water behind each ear before going inside to worship. The Blue Mosque, built a century later, is the world's only mosque with six minarets and, beyond this statistic and the fact that it has 554 windows, it is covered inside with a mass of blue tiles that pave its domed ceilings with an unusual air. Pigeons fly back and forth inside the mosque and on the day I was there an old peasant man who wore a white beard, a brown skull cap, and a blue apron sat cross-legged in a corner feeding three pigeons which bobbed for kernels on the red carpet.

As for St. Sophia, the present building was built as a church by Justinian in the sixth century and it remained a church until 1453, when the Turks, crossing from Asia, conquered Constantinople and changed it into a mosque. Minarets were added, the walls were white-washed and plastered, and since the building didn't face towards Mecca the Moslem altar had to be placed off center. Ataturk thought St. Sophia should belong to the world, and its cavernous interiors are no longer used for worship. There is, however, still to be seen, a cordoned area where emperors were crowned, an elevated gold box where sultans could worship, and some gold Byzantine mosaics which have been uncovered by American archeologists. A favorite point of interest is the hole worn in a Sophia column where the Prophet Hizir Aleyhusselam is said to have placed his finger and spun the massive marble pillar around. Thereafter it became a place to ask for divine intercedence, especially when all other means had failed. So many people have touched this spot that a metal protector placed over the marble has been completely worn through.

NOT far from St. Sophia is the favorite old town restaurant known as Konya Lezzet, which is as good a place as any to take the plunge into the strange world of Turkish cuisine. Before delving headlong into the hash I should perhaps explain that Konya is a province in central Turkey, the homeland of the proprietors, and Lezzet, let's face it, means delicious. Habitués, should you intend to become one, call it Konyali. The menu is translated into English so that you can tell, more or less, what you're eating. Having risked the well-being of my duodenal on your behalf I am here, in reasonable health, to tell you that you might enjoy *döner kebab,* which is chips of lamb resting on rice, followed by ceramic cups filled with *ayran,* a type of buttermilk the con-

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sistency of sorghum. Well, I know it doesn't *sound* appetizing, but I was assured it is the favorite drink of Celal Bayar, Turkey's president, and further that it is offered in the homes of Anatolia like coffee anywhere else.

Anyone who wants to stay on the safe, or international, side can order simple *châteaubriands*, known as *şatobriyan*, and finish with such recognizable desserts as *krem çukulat* and *krem karamel*. Your dauntless, not to say dyspeptic correspondent eschewed the prudent path in favor of *kaymak*, heavy cream and pistachio nuts; *ekmek kadayif*, pastry doused with sugary syrup; *tel kadayif*, a collection of unkempt toasted wheat strands; and *baklava* flavored with *portakal*, which is to say, orange.

While treading water here in the *département culinaire*, I ought to point out that many of the attractive restaurants are spread along the fringes of the Bosporus, a strait which I explored both by *otomobil* and aboard the S.S. *Independence*. First off, there is the settlement called Arnavut Köy, which means Albanian village. There are no Albanians in the Albanian village, but you will find Turks and Greeks, colorful fishing boats with painted hulls, nets piled on the dock, and a number of hot-pillow hotels along the shore. Most of the American colony has settled in waterfront terrace apartments at Bebek, not far from the fortress built by Mehmet II when he crossed from Asia and consolidated his toehold on the European continent before moving on to take Constantinople on May 29, 1453.

Yenikoy is a village with a new forty-room hotel built on stilts to get the view of the Bosporus, and all along the coast you will find pleasant coffee and teahouses that make a specialty of serving you in your car from a specially constructed urn. You can get as far as Sariyer, which means yellow tower, at the very entrance to the Black Sea. From here you can see the submarine nets plainly, no pictures are allowed from ships, and the best beaches, so the Turks lament, have been taken by the military for security reasons. Fish restaurants abound, the best being Canli Balik, or Live Fish Restaurant. You can eat filet of *kilich*, which is swordfish; *dil*, or tongue-fish; and lobster, among the more recognizable types. There are music and dancing in a covered garden in summer and the whole works runs to about three dollars per person if you buy liras on the official exchange.

THERE are a number of night spots along the Bosporus, too, notably the Billur-Koşk, where I found a sultry Turkish lady crooning "Johnny Guitar," but the best-known places are in town. The Kervansaray facing the Hilton is a big noisy nightclub and the Cordon Bleu is more of the same. Both have rustic rooms, where you can drink quietly, and a great smoky hall, where the shows go on. *Şampanya*, or champagne, will cost you mightily, the *viski* is all but nonexistent, and at four a.m., I'd better warn you, it is custom to restore one's self with *işkembe*, a soup made of boiled insides. As far as I can see, after an evening of screwdrivers, that's bringing coals to Newcastle.

You will, of course, be disappointed if you come to Turkey looking for the plush pasha days of the Arabian nights, but to get a notion of what that long era was like I would surely recommend that you stop in at the Saraglio, which the Turks call Topkapi, the palace of the Turkish Ottoman sultans. For reasons of bureaucracy that escape me, one may not take pictures, but on hand to look at and admire is a desk inlaid with real

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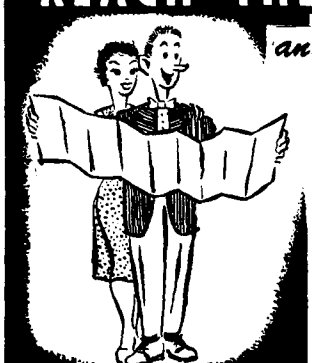

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amber, chess-sets made of crystal and gold, a case full of jade in graduated sizes from lentil to large, Moslem beads of coral, others of agate and *oeil de chat*. There are ladles made of mother-of-pearl, cases of the sultans' hookah pipes with cut crystal bases, and amber nozzles crusted with diamond rings. There are scimitars and pistols with gold handles and solid-gold trigger guards, daggers fitted with chunks of emeralds as big as butter-pats in expensive restaurants.

The sultan's throne, spotted with emeralds like measles on a six-year-old, is on view alongside the uniforms of Mahmut II, Abdul Mecit, and Abdulhamit II, who between them reigned from 1808 to 1909. Still left from the fanciful days of Murat IV (1623-1640) is his white turban shining with diamonds and affixed with a plume of egret feathers. In the same case is a 200-pound bar bell with which he used to exercise, his plumed fans, and a heap of emeralds piled up like subway tokens which were left over after the throne was finished. From the broad balcony in the harem, from which unwanted girls were tossed into the ravine, you can look out to Leander's Tower and the beginning of the Bosporus, south towards the Dardanelles and the Princes' Islands, across to Florence Nightingale's hospital, now a barracks, and to the tracks below that carry the Orient Express to London. Ah, London, where a *viski* soda is served varm, and a man with a screwdriver in his hands is working!

—Horace Sutton.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 621

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 621 will be found in the next issue.

ADOYYKOYHARA LPR

FOR PRVHCKGDLS KGSR

YQ QYPFGQGDLFGYSA.

OYPLDR WLSS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 620
Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used until they are seasoned.

—O. W. Holmes.

Poetry and Criticism

Continued from page 15

shoot of the New England monologist. But the poem slips away from its derivations, and what started as a bucolic meditation develops into an unexpectedly powerful drama, a drama cast in a key of restrained memory, that never rises into melodrama. It is an unusual gift of contemplation which can obtain so many effects without bravura flourishes: the singing persuasion of "The Winter Lightning" and "Sunday at the End of Summer," the imaginative precisions of "Dandelions" and "A Harvest Home," the sensibility and macabre shudder in "I Only Am Escaped Alone to Tell Thee," the blend of introspection, wit (in both senses), and fantasy of the eighteen little poems which compose the section entitled "The Scales of the Eyes."

"Instructions in the Use of This Toy," which is intelligent teasing, and "The Priest's Curse on Dancing," which is the best comic Yeats I have read in years, are further proofs of a deftness which, even without Nemerov's other accomplishments, is a definite achievement.

Notes

PROTEST AND PROPHECY: "The Wide Plains Roar" (World Fellowship, Inc., North Conway, N. H., $1.35) makes clear that George Abbe's heart is in the right place; his pulse beats with equal strength when it comes to protest and prophecy. His utterance is modulated to fit his moods, which range from suggestive symbols to indignant statements and justified satire. It is only when his voice rises from anger to the pitch of fury that it gets out of control. There are four sections in Abbe's small volume. The first is an ominous "Prelude." The second, "The End of an Era," is composed of poems which, according to the not always accurate blurb, "describe the forces that oppress the underprivileged and undermine democracy." The third, "Today: Tomorrow," offers a contrast between "the old order and the inevitable New Democracy." The fourth, "Vision of America," purports to present a triumphant ending but is, instead, a vague and rhetorical coda, a set of hopeful flourishes which merely add up to what Wallace Stevens called "a finale of seem."

Abbe is something of a paradox. He is at his best when he is least secure; he talks with certainty only when he deals with the fears and dubieties of the present. The first two sections project a passion—part hatred, part compassion—which falters elsewhere. The little volume is scarcely helped by its publisher's insistence that George Abbe is "one of America's major poets." It would take work of much greater substance, as well as an unassailable rather than a straining style, to live up to this characterization. —L. U.

BLOOD FROM STONES: Although **"Kingdom of Diagonals"** (Indiana University Press, $2.75) is only Kenneth Slade Alling's second book of poems, he is not one of our younger poets as solar time measures youth. The copyrights on some of the many poems he has published go back as far as 1929. Even a cursory glance at the fifty-two lyrics in this volume reveals that he is a naturalist of sorts. The bulk of his subject-titles involve gulls, hummingbirds, snakes, toads, hay, pumpkins, old leaves, a ploughed field, turtles, barns, doves, oaks, etc.

Mr. Alling's exact eye, coupled with an exactitude in turning visual discoveries into words, is disclosed in his "Portrait of a Toad":

> With his heart beating in his throat,
> With gold and onyx for his eyes,
> His nostrils quivering to note
> The far approach of flies,
>
> The lichened toad lives in the meadow—
> A waiter under apple trees;
> A form, a shape, a naked shadow
> Watching on bended knees.

That's it, entire; for one of the virtues of this poetry is that it can be quoted entire "in no time": it fulfils, usually, Bagehot's definition of the lyric—"emphatic, intense, and soon over." This poet leans to short poems, short lines within the poems, and short words within the lines. It is an austere excellence he aims for, and frequently succeeds in achieving.

Within the epigrammatic limits he has set for himself, Mr. Alling is able to turn out images which, though not so extensive as to evolve into symbols, are evocative. And, as one might expect of a poet under self-imposed discipline, he is skilful in his versification. He likes to approach his subjects (sometimes they are objects, like clocks, urns, statues, car tops) from novel angles: a useful method in a number of cases where the center of focus would not otherwise seem too promising. Indeed, it might be said that Mr. Alling has a distinct talent for squeezing blood out of stones. —Gerard Previn Meyer.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PASTORALS: Byron Reece's poems have been described by Robert Hillyer as "astonishingly

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interesting performances, masterly in the adaptation of folk themes and folk rhythms to the exactions of a subtler technique without sacrificing spontaneity." Those brought together in **"The Season of the Flesh"** (Dutton, $2.75) present something of a problem in terms of simple technique and language to anyone believing in the validity of contemporary, spoken American-English as a proper vehicle for poetry. For though Mr. Reece's language is possibly in the largest sense of the word contemporary, it is certainly so with a pronounced sixteenth-century accent. Some of us believe it not only the proper destiny, but the responsibility of a poet or artist to live within the total implications of the century, the generation to which he was born to accomplish major stature, real importance.

Reece's virtuosity as a versifier is not to be questioned. He has learned all of the clever tricks of the sixteenth-century mystics. He wears their forms very much as Katcina dancers wear the age-old conventionalized masks in the ceremonial dances of the Hopis and the Zunis. I quote in toto his poem "The Fallow" as evidence.

The heart's true heights of granite
Silt downward in the flow
Of time to spread a fallow
Where seeds take root and grow.

There spring the scattered seedlings
And soon each rapid shoot
Bears: Love its tender blossoms,
And wrath its bitter fruit.

It is a very adept little poem, isn't it? Very clean. A little too clean perhaps to have any very important connection with the great, seething, boiling, and certainly unplacid American present. When I was younger I would have been delighted with Mr. Reece's poems. I have written that way myself upon occasion, but I don't really believe I was very honest either to myself or my times when I did.

I cannot but admire the pastoral flavor, the adeptness with which his poems flow. I cannot but envy him the belief implied in his poems, that life now as always is a matter of "simples." But I'm afraid I can't agree with him. I cannot feel that his excellent poetry with its elegant sixteenth-century accent is for everyone.

—KENNETH L. BEAUDOIN.

Business

Continued from page 17

value of Loesch's spade work should become self-evident. In a prefatory note W. F. Stolper, professor of economics at the University of Michigan, discusses the evolution of Loesch's ideas and their significance. Stolper neatly summarizes the aim of "The Economics of Location" in terms of making clear "the interrelationship of individual production and consumption units, the eventual location of markets and producing centers, of transport lines, of distribution of population and cities all to be simultaneously and mutually determined. What matters is the complicated structure, the *Gestalt,* not the average characteristics of an area."

As a guide to his complex study Loesch helpfully notes specific sections of principal interest to bankers, monetary experts, price-control officials, geographers, statisticians, transportation specialists, or sociologists.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

WORDS THAT SELL: Since advertising has become a formidable persuader in getting consumers to dig into their pockets, more and more attention is being paid by business people to the scientific perfection of this medium. To exhibit the ingredients that produce sales, Perry Schofield has compiled **"100 Top Copy Writers and Their Favorite Ads"** (Printers' Ink, $10). All these ads attained high ratings on "read most" interviews with average readers. What strikes one instantly about this assemblage of talent is that almost all of it tells a capsule story. The ads may not qualify for the O. Henry short-story awards, but for impact and attention-getting they are models for profitable study.

One example of the trend away from stuffed-shirt advertising and attempt to capture human interest is Leslie Pearl's "Sea Story" ad for Wallachs in New York City. It tells of a sailor shopping for a suit at one of their stores, showing unconcern for models but paying careful attention to the labels. When asked for a reason the sailor replied, "It's a well-known fact that there is only one suit of clothes that you can hock in any port of the world and that's a Hart, Schaffner & Marx." To take the sting out of what may seem a slightly undignified story the adman tacked on the following squib: "That's what the man said. We trust you will never have reason to prove the truth of his statement." Equally effective are other ads ranging from institutional copy to mail order examples. —S. M.

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Report from Bandung

Continued from page 9

support for provisions in the U.N. Charter.]

► Declared its support for the principle of self-determination of peoples and nations as defined in the U.N. Charter.

► Declared its support of the rights of Arab people in Palestine, called for implementation of the U.N. resolutions, and expressed hope in a peaceful settlement of the issue.

► Advanced the candidacy for membership in the U.N. of Cambodia, Ceylon, Japan, Jordan, Laos, Libya, Nepal, and unified Vietnam. [The fact that the delegates did not find the People's Republic of China "qualified" for membership was one of the most significant developments of the Conference.]

► Called for revision of the United Nations Charter in order to provide for more equitable representation of Asian-African countries on the United Nations Security Council.

► Called for effective international control of atomic and thermonuclear weapons and asked the great powers to reach agreement on the suspension of atomic experiments.

► Recommended effective and universal disarmament under the United Nations, to apply not only to weapons of mass destruction, but to armies.

► Denounced colonialism *in all its manifestations* as "an evil which should speedily be brought to an end."

► Reaffirmed the principle that all nations should have the right to choose their own political and economic systems and their own way of life in conformity with the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

* * *

These declarations, to repeat, were hardly what one might term milk-and-water propositions. In order to achieve unanimity, it became necessary for some of the states to change drastically from positions they had long maintained in or out of the United Nations. And, since both the free world and Communist China were represented at the Conference, any general agreement meant inevitably that some one would have to give considerable ground.

CHOU EN-LAI AT BANDUNG

Whatever may have been in the mind of Premier Chou En-Lai, when he first came to the Conference, the fact is that he apparently changed his mind at the Conference itself. Chou En-Lai was witnessing for the first time a diversity and a spirit of independence in Asia and Africa that any restless or aggressive nation would be foolish to ignore. He had to listen to at least a half-dozen opening statements by which heads of governments or foreign ministers reaffirmed their nations' determination to maintain their independence against all threats—including the threat represented by the new imperialism of world Communism.

These anti-Communist declarations were not made flamboyantly or viciously. They were stated calmly and with a sense of strong responsibility. They were received by the Conference in the same spirit in which they were uttered. Chou En-Lai listened carefully, now and then making notes. He was observed to make a note, too, when President Sukarno, of Indonesia, in opening the Conference, invoked Longfellow's poem "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," adding that the inspiration of the American fight for independence had meant much to peoples fighting for freedom against outside rule. In fact, the United States, far from being lashed to any whipping post, was held up as the finest example in history of a major nation freeing itself from colonialism. Another thing that apparently impressed Chou was the frequency with which speakers at the Conference would invoke the blessings of the Deity.

When it came Chou En-Lai's turn to make his opening address at the public session he discarded his prepared script and attempted to narrow the gap between himself and his critics. He tried to explain what he said were some misconceptions about the People's Republic of China. He said that Communism in general was atheistic; but that his Government permitted freedom of worship. He mentioned members of his delegation who held orthodox religious views and listed the many denominations, including Christianity, that were active in China. Then he asked the same tolerance for his religious "non-belief" that his country extended to believers. One wondered whether this reassurance, like other friendly gestures, was primarily intended for the Moslem delegates.

Next, concerning the matter of Communist China's ideological differences with other nations, he acknowledged the extent of the diversity as was represented in the Conference itself. But he believed that different political systems could live amicably and he said he was willing to explore the basis for promoting such amity and common ground with any delegation.

Finally, he assured the delegates that his Government "had no wish to subvert the Governments of its neighboring countries."

As a token of good faith, he invited all present to visit China with complete freedom of travel and investigation. "We have no bamboo curtain, but some people are spreading a smokescreen between us."

It was interesting to compare his new speech with the text of the one he discarded. While the discarded speech was fairly mild in tone, it was far less conciliatory than the one actually given. There was no doubt about the fact that Chou was listening or that he felt the need to be in tune with the dominant mood of the Conference. Day by day, in fact, Chou spent increasing amounts of time with his critics. The result was that Chou was winning friends and influencing people at Bandung.

It had been supposed, for example, that Chou would oppose the demands of the Arabs for a resolution censuring Israel. India, despite its own large Moslem population, opposed the Arab demand because Prime Minister Nehru believed it unfair for the Conference to denounce a nation which had been deprived of an opportunity to state its case. He pointed out that Israel had not been invited to the Conference because of the objections of the Arab nations. Premier U Nu of Burma backed this position strongly, appealing to the "chivalrous spirit" of the Conference in considering the censure demand. China, however, supported the Arab demand. This made a deep impression on the Arab leaders, who were as surprised as they were delighted. Thereafter, Chou En-Lai had private meetings with Arab delegations, strengthening the impression that he was trying to break the substantial wall of resistance to Communist China that seemed to be represented by the Moslem nations.

Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, who gave a good account of himself at the Conference, sought to test the sincerity of Chou En-Lai on his new policy of conciliation towards all. At the first of two private meetings, Mr. Ali explored the various points of difference between Communist China and the free world. He came away convinced that Chou En-Lai could be talked to and reasoned with. On the second occasion, at the end of the Conference, Mr. Ali interceded in behalf of the American fliers interned in China and indicated that some reciprocal gesture of reasonableness by the United States might effect the release.

At all events, Chou En-Lai at Ban-

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dung was definitely in a giving mood. In fact, it had almost seemed for a time that it was Christmas at Bandung. There were presents for everyone. In addition to giving the Arab nations support for its position on Palestine, Chou En-Lai gave Indonesia an agreement ending the principle of dual citizenship for the Chinese minority in Indonesia. Dual citizenship had been a source of annoyance and potential trouble, for it had enabled Chinese families to live in Indonesia for generations while remaining subjects of China. Now the members of the Chinese minority would have to choose one or the other.* Other Southeast Asian countries with substantial Chinese minorities were encouraged to believe that there would be no trouble in obtaining similar agreements. In addition, there were assurances against military or political encroachment. While the benefactions were being dispersed, Tatsunosuke Takasaki, heading the Japanese delegation, met privately with Chou En-Lai. Mr. Takasaki told Chou that Japan was concerned about the propaganda line of China that denounced the Japanese Government as an American puppet. Chou En-Lai said his Government would recognize the Japanese Government as the proper representatives of the Japanese people. Then Mr. Takasaki said that a thousand or more Japanese who had been captured by China during the war were still being interned. Some of them, Mr. Takasaki added, were his personal friends. Chou En-Lai didn't attempt to defend Chinese policy in this regard. He said simply that all Japanese prisoners would be released except those who were serving prison sentences for criminal acts. Even here, he said, China would permit wives or members of families to visit the imprisoned men.

For the Conference as a whole came the biggest present of all. It had been hoped during the closing days of the meeting that Bandung, in addition to its symbolic significance, might make a historic contribution to world peace. Then came Chou En-Lai's dramatic announcement. Far from pressing for a Conference statement denouncing the United States, Chou wrote out three sentences in his own hand which he read to the political committee:

"The Chinese people are friendly to the American people. The Chinese people do not want to have a war with the United States of America. The Chinese Government is willing to sit down and enter into negotiations with the United States Government to discuss the question of relaxing tension in the Far East, and especially the question of relaxing tension in the Taiwan (Formosa) area."

Chou's dramatic announcement grew out of a small lunch. Among those present in addition to Chou: Jawaharlal Nehru, General Romulo, Prince Wan of Thailand, Dr. Sukarno of Indonesia, U Nu of Burma.

During lunch the Formosan situation was informally discussed. Chou agreed that the Conference offered an excellent background for establishing constructive and peaceful approaches to this question. Then he asked the advice of those present about a general statement he had in mind towards that end. The response was immediate and affirmative. Chou then wrote down the gist of his position in the three sentences quoted above.

The big question, of course, was whether Chou En-Lai really meant it. I put the question to General Romulo, who had a chance to observe the Chinese premier at close range during strategic meetings at the Conference as well as at small social functions. General Romulo said all the evidence pointed in the affirmative. He said he believed it would be a mistake not to give the fullest consideration to Chou's offer. Communist China genuinely needed a long period of peace, he said, and Bandung probably served as the occasion for Chou to come to terms with the world.

I put the same question in a note to Prince Wan, one of the most outspoken and uncompromising critics of world Communism at the Conference. Prince Wan sent the following reply:

"Yes, he really means it. He wants to get to know people with a view to entering into international life. His ready compliance with reference to the U.N. Charter came as a pleasant surprise and facilitated my work as *Rapporteur.*"

(When Prince Wan had been proposed originally as *Rapporteur* or Recording Secretary of the Political Committee, Chou registered his objection—largely, it developed, because he hadn't known what a *Rapporteur* was. But when Jawaharlal Nehru declined the post, and when it was pointed out how competently Prince Wan had filled the post at the United Nations, Chou backed down.)

The moment Chou En-Lai made his sweeping peace offer the speculations of the entire Conference turned towards Washington. Many of America's friends at Bandung hoped that we would do no shooting from the hip. There was a genuine sense of shock when we did exactly that, for

**The benefits here were not exclusively Indonesian, for there was no three-way choice; i.e., Nationalist China did not figure in the alternatives.*

****

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it seemed to the delegates that we had failed to take into account the general background and staging of Chou's statement. Nothing that Chou himself said or did at the Conference, in fact, bolstered his position more than the rigid, negative statement issued by our State Department.

As a result, Chou En-Lai was able to say to the delegates, in effect: "You urged me to make a friendly approach to the United States. You wanted the People's Republic of China to take the initiative in seeking a settlement of the Formosan question. But you now have another demonstration of the fact that the United States has no intention of settling this issue peaceably." Two days later President Eisenhower made it clear that America would throw no cold water on any legitimate peace offer. By that time, however, the Conference had ended, and Chou En-Lai had been able to score his greatest diplomatic triumph. We had lost ground among our friends.

One of the early developments at Bandung had been the strength and eloquence of the spokesmen for the free world. That this should have come as a surprise, which it did to the United States, is an unhappy commentary on America's skimpy understanding of the East. We had been uncertain, apprehensive, and insecure about the prospect of Bandung. We had measured it solely in our own terms instead of attempting to see it in historical perspective for the grand symbol it was. We apparently overlooked the fact that there was much in our own past to link us to Bandung; and we had to be reminded of it by President Sukarno in his reference to Longfellow's "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere."

THE situation, to repeat, is not irreparable. But if we are to exercise effective leadership in the world we may have to think in terms of the needs and problems of other peoples. In carrying the torch for freedom we may have to recognize that our emphasis on freedom of the individual has meaning to others only if we couple it with the freedom of a nation from outside rule. And in talking about security it might help to remember that military security has meaning only when there is something to protect.

Finally, the key to Asia and Africa is in our own history. The closer we get to the real meaning of what happened in America 180 years ago the easier it may be to understand the dominant accent of the twentieth century. The liberation of Asia, in which America figured so prominently, helped set the stage for Bandung. We still have a place in that picture.

Anisfield Awards

Continued from page 22

cause of international understanding. Of it Ashley Montagu, who has succeeded to the place on the Committee left vacant last year by the death of Ralph Linton, writes:

> I think Oden Meeker's "Report on Africa" one of the most important and valuable books on Africa to have appeared since Lord Hailey's "An African Survey" and Julian Huxley's "Africa View." Meeker's book is a small masterpiece. Written with great warmth and humanity, the author's sympathy for the peoples of Africa breathes from every page. As a reporter Mr. Meeker presents his observations and his conclusions in so admirably fair and balanced a manner, one cannot imagine them being judged otherwise by those most directly involved—even by those who come in for their full share of criticism. . . .

The second volume on which the Anisfield-Wolf Award has been bestowed, "Cultural Difference and Medical Care," by Lyle Saunders, lies specifically in the field of American concern. Writing of the book, Henry Pratt Fairchild, chairman of the Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee, says:

> Lyle Saunders's "Cultural Difference and Medical Care," which takes the Latin Americans of the Southwest as a typical case, demonstrates the unwisdom of applying even such a process as the practice of medicine indiscriminately to people of different cultural backgrounds. Ideas and customs having to do with medicine, surgery, prophylaxis, and hygiene —being a part of our mores—are deeply infused with emotion. Prejudice concerned with childbirth, such as objection to male obstetricians, is only one obvious example.
>
> This book may prove to be an important milestone in the development of what may be called "sociopsychosomatic" medicine. It is also invaluable for the general student of the mingling of cultures.

To be considered for the Award a copy of any book submitted should be sent in published form to each of the judges: Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, N. Y.; Professor Ashley Montagu, Cherry Hill Road, Princeton, N. J.; and Miss Amy Loveman, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

—A. L.

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1104

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Coloring matter always present during photosynthesis of plants.	164 152 95 111 11 155 150 72 145 79 32
B. Sacrificial whole burnt offering.	53 69 80 106 141 41 156 135 151
C. One who professes to prevent or cure baldness.	81 124 97 28 48 18 119 29 89
D. Popular appetizer at present out of circulation (2 wds.).	143 168 92 85 146 75 59 27 129
E. Northern island group of the Lesser Antilles.	103 165 153 67 43 94 13
F. Cosmetic popularized by Theda Bara (2 wds.).	108 15 20 6 65 131 42 57 3
G. King of the serpent race, in Hindu mythology.	35 68 26 120 138 4
H. Confound, bewilder.	154 86 96 51 123 139
I. Colloq. for a tryout of a speaker or musical performer.	159 149 55 78 2 169 36 98
J. A freak (Lat.; 2 wds.).	104 33 23 74 16 87 21 137 126 58 14 130
K. Leading (2 wds.).	166 121 71 9 88 56 133
L. Capriciously.	99 24 17 113 1 19 44
M. Ed Wynn in the Disney "Alice in Wonderland" (2 wds.).	107 12 83 90 134 63 64 76 37
N. Away from the city (comp.).	60 148 158 93 77 136 30 114 140
O. Phenomenon of the financial scene in mid-19th cent. (2 wds.).	144 46 31 128 62 22 125 122 39 7 163
P. Romanian-born French woman poet, a countess (1876-1933).	157 115 38 10 70 61 66 5
Q. Characterized by lack of active quality; neutral.	160 82 25 102 84 8 50 116 54 110 127
R. U.S. name for our early motion-picture entertainment, at a low price.	170 45 105 132 34 112 147 118 40 73 49
S. Plastic surgery of the chin.	167 91 161 109 162 47 117 142 101 52 100

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 L	2 I		3 F	4 G	5 P		6 F	7 O		8 Q	9 K	10 P	11 A		12 M
	13 E	14 J	15 F		16 J	17 L		18 C	19 L	20 F	21 J	22 O		23 J	24 L	
25 Q	26 G	27 D	28 C		29 C	30 N		31 O	32 A	33 J	34 R		35 G	36 I		37 M
38 P	39 O	40 R		41 B		42 F	43 E	44 L		45 R		46 O	47 S	48 C	49 R	50 Q
51 H		52 S	53 B	54 Q		55 I	56 K	57 F	58 J		59 D	60 N		61 P	62 O	63 M
	64 M	65 F	66 P		67 E	68 G	69 B	70 P	71 K		72 A	73 R	74 J	75 D	76 M	
77 N	78 I	79 A	80 B		81 C	82 Q	83 M		84 Q	85 D	86 H	87 J	88 K		89 C	90 M
91 S		92 D	93 N	94 E	95 A	96 H		97 C	98 I		99 L	100 S		101 S	102 Q	103 E
104 J		105 R	106 B	107 M	108 F		109 S	110 Q		111 A	112 R	113 L		114 N	115 P	116 Q
117 S	118 R		119 C		120 G	121 K	122 O	123 H	124 C		125 O	126 J	127 Q		128 O	129 D
130 J	131 F	132 R		133 K	134 M	135 B	136 N		137 J	138 G	139 H	140 N		141 B	142 S	143 D
144 O	145 A		146 D	147 R	148 N		149 I	150 A		151 B	152 A	153 E		154 H	155 A	156 B
157 P	158 N	159 I	160 Q	161 S		162 S	163 O	164 A	165 E		166 K	167 S	168 D	169 I	170 R	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 42 of this issue.

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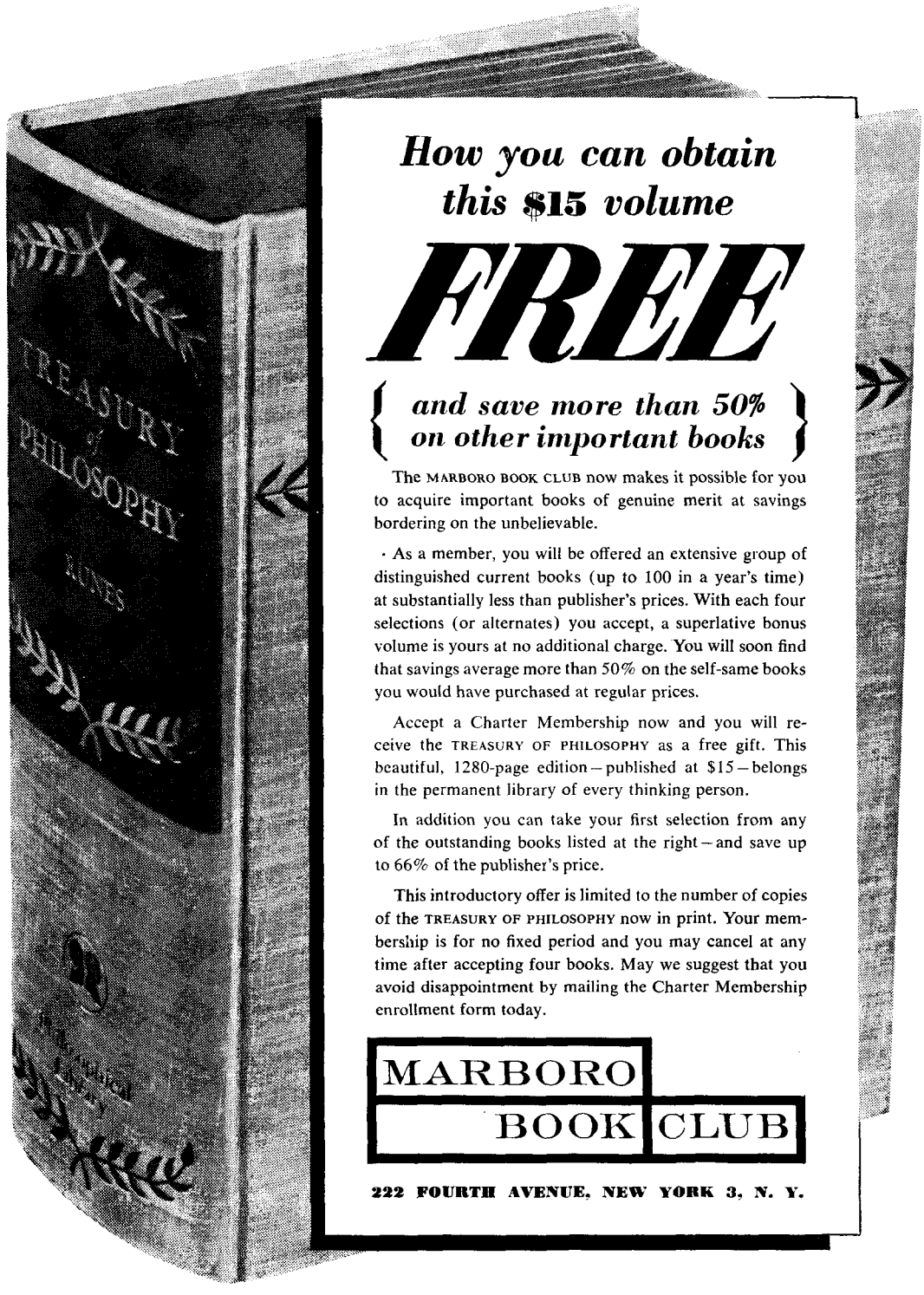

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